

AIN'S ONLY SCIENCE STORY WEEKLY

SCOOPS

The **STORY**
PAPER of
TO-MORROW
2d

EVERY THURSDAY

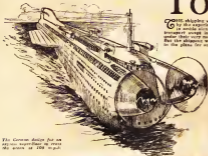


**SUPER
LINERS** of
TO-MORROW
See Inside

The Designers Plan the

SUPER LINERS of To-MORROW

SHIP!
CHALLENGE
TO THE



The German design for an ocean liner to reach the poles at 100 mph.

THE shipping world is sitting up and taking notice. It has been warned by the experience of the subways. Would the railways had been content to amble along with non-up-to-date systems and early-Victorian ideas, it is probable except into their fields and crowded passenger cars, and build it up under their very noses. And only now are the railways waking up to hard fact. But the shipping world appears to be able to do better in the future.

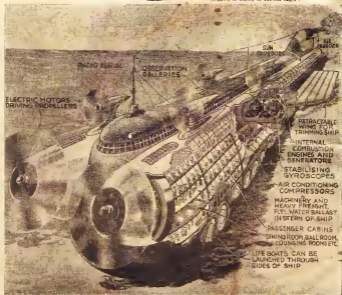
The plans for super-Atlantic air liners, making thirty hours between London and New York, they can see the water first. Even the latest ocean proposals of to-day run only across the Atlantic in comparison with the "Tee" days. . . . That's very express super-liners, and I see discussed and planned in secret by many shipping companies to-day, and it may not be long before we see the first 300 mph. liner ever crossing the big pond.

The first design comes from Germany, and, naturally, it is a revolution in shipping. Completely unprecedented, it is described like a Zeppelin, with forward air propellers, specially to lift the ship out of the water and send her skimming over the waves. Most of the water-super-liner construction of present day means a hull is used to displace water friction, so "Lift the ship out of the water," was the designer's slogan.

Other propellers act along the length of the ship will further help to speed her along. Stabilizing gyrosopes built into the ship will prevent her from rolling over, and make for smooth running, while in the rear of the liner two retractable wings will further serve to trim the ship and keep her on an even keel.

The rear water propellers of the present-day ship have been displaced with in the design, but it may be necessary to fit them for slow heading and docking.

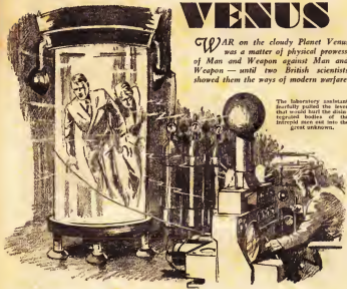
The retractable catenary gantry tower will give you some idea of the big job of her success in performance of its mission. Shipping is making at 100-150 mph!



A Scientist from the Earth Planet wrecks his

Vengeance On VENUS

WAR on the cloudy Planet Venus was a matter of physical prowess, of Man and Weapon against Man and Weapon — until two British scientists showed them the ways of modern warfare



The laboratory assistant fearfully pulled the lever that would hurl the disintegrating bodies of the interlopers out into the great unknown.

★ BY ELECTRONIC WAVES TO VENUS

THE first men from the Earth ever to set foot on the cloudy planet Venus were two English physicists, recorded in the western although little-known astronomical days.

Reinhold Blaud, slightly younger than Guyton Searles, had made the remarkable journey possible. Years of patient and diligent research into the properties of matter had given him the key to the universe.

Electrons have been proved to act as particles—constitutions appearing irregularly on a sheet of glass under fluorescent by a glowing the same sulphide crystals, testify to the impact of tiny bodies.

By silver masses, electrons have been shown to behave as waves—when fired through sheets of metal one-millionth of an inch in thickness they produce on a photographic plate a fringe of alternate light and dark bands just as X-rays do.

A further attempt to interpret these experiments leads to the reasonable conclusion that these waves, although confirmed experimentally, can only be a device of mathematics when viewed in a logical manner.

A thing cannot exist in two places and in two ways simultaneously, thus the mystery deepens for laymen and scientist, but from this apparently rebellious position, Blaud extracted the clue he had been looking for.

With very little difficulty he succeeded in perfecting a piece of apparatus which, by accurate and controlled alteration of atomic internal waves, could break up the atomic lock—what still exists—into its component electrons and protons. Thus, in wave form, project them along a special beam of light to any planet within a 40,000,000 mile radius of the Earth, and these reassemble them into their former stability, thus allowing the body to resume its normal state of being.

Blaud had intended the experiment to be a secret, but Searles had surprised him at work one day, and being too clever a scientist himself to be put off with a feeble explanation, extracted a promise that he, too, should make the trip, or he would give the story to the papers.

The crew they had arrived at last; Searles and Wether had stepped with accuracy a message into the small control cabin which was the main feature of the machine. They had each taken a small quantity of a powerful drug to induce themselves in a state of semi-suspended animation.

Then a laboratory assistant, who had

helped in the construction of certain parts and was the only man aware of their mission, fearfully pulled over the small lever which was to hurl the disintegrated bodies of the interlopers out into that great unknown which is loosely termed "space."

What the assistant's thoughts were at that moment is no concern of ours, but it is more than probable that he felt like the hangman who releases the trooper of the scaffold, or the official who lets loose the screaming victim of the electric chair.

He treated the scientific skill of Blaud. He knew the machine was theoretically correct. He quite trusted it to reassemble the bodies arriving. But what he did not know was whether the carefully taken focus on Venus was sufficiently compressed to land the men on the planet, and not fling them past into the void.

However all had gone well, for the adventure had lasted on the planet three and a half minutes after leaving the laboratory. They had travelled the 26,000,000 miles which at that phase separated Venus from the Earth at the speed of light—300,000 miles per second.

Had the ray shot across undisturbed they would have landed in two and a half minutes, but one minute had been lost in encountering a number of those small dark bodies which

The Scientists meet the Men of Venus

welcoming under confounding gravitational pulls through space.

The morning after their landing they were sufficiently reassured from the effects of the acrobatic to see what the planet really looked like.

The country appeared to be of an unending flat nature, but the point they could not be too sure exactly, because as far as the eye could see the ground was covered with a tangled mass of tropical vegetation, quite as prolific as that which characterizes parts of Africa and Brazil.

Many of the large trees had trunks thicker than thick, but most of them were slender and shagreen, rising up out of a thick, straggling layer of rolling vegetation which carpeted the ground.

All the foliage of the trees and the bushes growing between them was of a sickly yellow color, shading upwards from the roots into a dull orange. Wonderful, really, to find vegetation being everywhere, covered with the most beautiful flowers imaginable.

Nature could be said the typical deep green of the Earth forest.

The air itself was very hot and wet, and only as unpleasant odor made bearable only by the delightful bird perfume. What struck Bland was that anything else was the best that hot and fetid as the air might be, he was able to breathe with little discomfort.

The air, however, seemed to be thicker than that of the terrestrial atmosphere. When people in fact to a suddenly the last word of the scientific world was that the air was thick with life, animal life of many kinds, although there was no trace of any creature larger than a burrowing mole. Birds of all shapes and sizes, feet and feathers as thin as fine wings, or covered by masses of strange appendages (insects), bushes. They darted into a misty of various sounds at the approach of the Earthmen.

Curious to the best advantage, Bland gazed vaguely at his mate.

"What the devil are we like for food?" he inquired suddenly. "I'm hungry."

"Well, you see that, you never think you are eating when you are eating—is it not so?" he said with a smile. "I thought I had seen the perfect case for you. You weigh 120 pounds I weigh 120. That is a total of 240 pounds—half a pound under the machine's capacity. We took several chances when we tried the experiment and the chance of finding food when we landed was one in five."

"Oh, yes?" said Bland's impetuous reply. "This is not as the one to see which machine will live."

"Very old time, I caught my pocket book right."

Bland, thoroughly trained, went under his breath and gazed avidly into the unobscured Bland world and good humoredly followed his companion.

He really did gazing here they looked as if they were eating with tongue and hand. But at last they were observed to be eating by definite observation at the character of the food.

The trees were much thicker apart, and there were little shrubs of open ground. Also, there was a steady rise in altitude and as less than as they found their selves on a large open plain swept by comparatively cool breezes.

They steadily climbed on, hounded once by the sight of glowing grass which by its widely appearance seemed to indicate the presence of intelligence of some kind.

"It is some sort of gift for your language," suggested Bland.

"Thank it was brought up to a stable," said Bland, though he pulled at the grass as they passed and continued chewing happily of the red seeds.

Swiftly lowering clouds, light crests in shade. Bland saw the phalanx and perceived the Earthmen from getting a view of what lay beyond them.

A tall in the steady certain showed giant, grey towers and needle-like spires rising

to the sky. The glazes were unnecessary, but it was enough. "Red Station called."

"A city of some sort," said Bland.

"Bland? Bland? No make a man with them," grunted Bland.

"By three I take it you mean the possible inhabitants," replied the other. "Well, I expect a good deal will depend."

He looks off sharply, for they were suddenly confronted by a lanky giant dressed in some kind of light blue chain mail, and mounted on a powerful black creature with legs and body like a horse but a head like a lioness head.

In his hand he carried a lance-like weapon of red, but as he conceived he was using it into a decidedly menacing position, and from the depths of his helmet came a powerful voice, vibrant with meaning.

"For do you ever?" he believed, dragging his "horse" up on its hind legs, and waving the metal-pointed point of his lance within a few feet of the Earthmen's heads.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Bland. "I am struck almost like Spanish."

"Who ever that it sounds like. They live in Spanish lands that speak of his gets respect," growled Bland.

Without further delay Bland told the stranger that they were new to the country. He did not dare tell just of their Earthly origin for fear of being disbelieved. He asked that he hoped they would be taken where they could rest and get some food. He asked the stranger to lead them to the nearest place, but, stopping the mounting point, he waved with a gestured hand in the direction of the city.

★ QUEEN OF BASTELLOA

FILLED with wonder, the two Earthmen were led by their strangely mounted guide through a narrow gateway which looked the mouth like of a medieval wall into a city of blue-walled architecture.

As they approached the entrance of dull grey stone, the glancing light and the sound of wheels of slightly rusted, unadorned wheels.

Soft, though brilliant light shone white from crystal quartz glass windows. Red men like those of the presence of strange took into the ground where white marble wheels spun on their massive axles.

Between these lofty towers and ragged skyscrapers of an advanced 1960 world peeped the middle ages.

Roofs, towers, every man and woman through the streets, had in hand, heavy garments of a multitude of shades and textures, and streams of armored knights followed by grey clad pages trotted gallantly along a road network provided for them.

Naturally, heads bowed as the Earthmen were conducted through the town but there was no attempt to touch a word.

In a short time the small party arrived in front of an imposing structure of gloriously carved marble and chiseled stone.

With a flicker over the marble walked from the side of a small, dark-haired page who appeared from nowhere, strode into the doorway, beckoning to the strangers to follow.

An electric whirled them miraculously up thirty floors, and soon they found themselves in a large room furnished with low tables and cushioned stools.

"Greetings, strangers," said the mailed man stiffly.

"Sit down," commanded Bland, dropping with a click of metal into one of the forms of comfort.

"What about food?" inquired Bland, still standing.

"Well," replied the companion.

A few words spoken by their host must have been carried by microphone across to another room, for almost immediately two

waiting a table served with strange food, by their swift, highly appearing tables.

"Farewell, strangers,"

"It might please us," said Bland, stiffly.

Bland laughed shortly. "What's your selection? I'm hungry. You've been so pressing on me for the last few hours that you are in a suitable state."

Without further delay the furnished man attacked the meal, using the strange metal implements with which they had been provided.

While the Earthmen were absorbing the jumble of hunger, the Venusian, or rather Venusian, seated himself before a black portable screen set in a row of apparatus like an early television receiver.

He looked kindly on a recently captured dish and waited until he received a light-colored serving whose form the Venusian, or rather Venusian, turned himself before a black portable screen set in a row of apparatus like an early television receiver.

He looked kindly on a recently captured dish and waited until he received a light-colored serving whose form the Venusian, or rather Venusian, turned himself before a black portable screen set in a row of apparatus like an early television receiver.

The old man looked intently in the report. "You gently shaking the head which cannot be from that of his hair-like form, he slowly replied."

"Bland, you have done it three times as an insect, I should say. Now bring them to the table. It is possible the Queen will wish to see their future. Proceed, my son."

"What's he mawling about at the end of the room?" asked Bland, waving his mouth indignantly with the back of his hand.

"None of your business," snapped Bland.

The dark man crossed to where they were sitting and politely asked if they had seen the fish longer. Bland answered for both. Bland's part grew out of a enlightening glare.

These had sailed slightly, and, having told them that, they would have to go in the palace, led them from the room to a second elevator which took them up to the hot spot.

On a slightly sloping runway sat a leaning-back red hot and by its side a more Earthly-looking woman.

With a gesture the two scientists were returned into the 'palace' and with a few words they were seen, waving their way over the city.

The minute later they made a perfect landing on the top of a spire, hand-to-hand, walking slowly away from the rest of the city to the west grounds.

Once more elevation and corridors, and the woman faced themselves being so exactly suited to the work on which was seated a young girl of striking beauty.

Remembering her own genetic habits with hands placed in readiness on nearby seats.

In the recesses of the girl's regal air of power and quiet dignity, the Earthmen looked indistinctly.

A worn smile illuminated her perfect features. She would not lead to the waiting room. They drew back and released their tired hold on their weapons.

In less, several hours the young Queen of Bastelloa asked the strangers where they came from and why.

Bland searched and said. "On us, Bland, talk to her."

The Queen started at hearing the strange language and seemingly hostile tone, but she was reassured when Bland, speaking in a language so new to her ears, began to tell simply but convincingly of their remarkable adventure.

It was difficult for her to appreciate the

Attack on the Frontiers of Bastellia

that of their having come from another world, but something about the Earthman convinced her of the truth of his words.

"You are both very brave," she said simply, "and your stay in our country will be made as pleasant as it is in my power to command."

Blond was about to make a valuable reply when a high pitched whistle rang through the great chamber. The two men became white as paper, and across the avenue the speaker shot the image of a great vessel of scintillating metal, emblazoned on the prow with blue and gold arms, swinging its tremendous way across the sky.

Your Highness, the royal frontier ship *Leander one*," greeted an elderly man at the Queen's elbow.

Yes, your Highness, what was being it back to Pajaredo Ariles, at this hour of the year?

The Queen's question remained unanswered until a moment later the commander of the frontier ship, in response Ferns, strode into the room and, having made a deep bow, executed the Queen's pleasure.

"Well, captain," she said at last without observing the Earthman.

Your most loyal Highness, he began in a discreet voice, "is pleased to have my report. The rebel States of Lantambia and Pajaredo have joined forces under the leadership of Pajaredo in Nya, their number fully fifty thousand mailed knights and three hundred thousand footmen.

"Yes," said the Queen calmly.

The captain Ferns bowed the right collar of gold breast, and kept on.

They are marching on the capital. Soon Pajaredo Ariles will be under siege.

"What?" cried Queen Martia.

You do not tell me that? You must stop them! In the name of my father.

Yes, your Highness, agreed the captain, little hesitatingly, and again becoming aware of the lightness of his uniform collar.

Yes, of course. These generals will, of course, will, of course, of course, that is to say will.

He bowed heavily and averted his head.

Do you want reinforcements, captain?" queried Martia softly.

If there possible, Highness, replied the soldier captain eagerly.

Then in your name, captain. You shall have my own bodyguard arm.

Accepting his dismissal thankfully, the commander Agre bowed his way from the chamber.

The courtiers looked at each other.

"A woman is overruled," muttered King Ferns.

At that moment, Martia, noticing the two men still standing waiting for her next word, called them to come nearer and had two seats placed for them beside her throne.

For an hour (Earth time, for on Vera—the day is twenty two and a half Earth hours, as the five longitudes have, not twenty-four or thirty-eight as has been commonly held), the Earthman and the young Queen talked.

Numberless questions were asked on both sides, and the scientists learned a number of things about the planet.

The queen, the Queen of Bastellia, a century ahead into the sixteenth century of North America. The city the two scientists had visited at was known as El Ciudad in the Pajaredo Ariles, the City of the Blue Hills, and took its name from some old Bastellian legend.

The trouble on the frontier was being caused by her cousin, Felvo, who had been a pretender to the throne for many years, and now that the turbulent frontier States had united under his banner, he was a serious menace to the present monarchy.

Why do you fear a reckless body of men could do it against his modern in a war?" queried Martia.

"They are helped when attacked from the air. The point is, who has got the biggest air force?"

The Queen listened in amazement to this speech.

But you can't see flying vessels in war?

Ferns. War was used to be fought by physical prowess, and weapons against men and weapons. Why, the very inventions of slowness failed us after advantage such as our flying world give.

If the Queen had been amused by Swisher's speech, certainly by words absolutely astounding the Earthman.

Here was a girl talking about running warfare like a game of football. There must be no leaks, and all rules must be observed.

Swisher laughed.

"These people are crackers," he said in English. "A few airplanes with some high explosives attached could wipe out the system of this city, depending on who had charge of the 'phew'."

WHINING MENACE FOR WARE BIRDS

Few several days ago, a thing and so came unexpectedly in the Bastellian capital, although



With a bowing gesture the two scientists were mentioned into the strange mechanism that roared on the roof above the Venetian city.

the fighting on the frontier was reported to be a losing battle.

One morning King Ferns concluded to find that scholar was not in the apartment which had been assigned by the Queen for his use, so he had the soldier had been kept in.

At first the Earthman put no construction on this, as his companion might easily have been prevented to spend the night at one of the city laborers as to which he had become a constant visitor.

The best part of a day passed, and as there was still no sign of the missing scientist, Blond reported the matter and soon had a search organized throughout the whole walled area of Pajaredo Ariles.

Hours went by but no trace could be found until it was realized that a small meeting place was waiting from the royal residence.

This fact was quite significant to Blond.

He knew that someone in the city capable of flying a plane had already got into it, and



and he also knew that Swisher had a mechanical machine on record behind him.

It was fairly evident that for some unknown reason Swisher had flown from the city in a stolen airplane.

Shortly a week passed and then came the first news of the vanished man. The people of the capital were shocked to hear that the nature of the fighting in the battle zone had undergone a strange, and to them, unaccountable change.

No longer were the enemy trying to gain forward by weight of arms alone. Now they were making use of their planes as a means to drop dangerous missiles on to the defending army.

What was more, their airplanes which they owned more damage, were led by a tiny scouting machine, which performed amazing evolutions and was a veritable terror in the side of the lower forces.

This report shed a great light on the situa-

Horror Unleashed on the Cloudy Planet

Was for Blaud if for nobody else. There was no doubt in his mind as to who was firing the little machine.

Coming to a speedy conclusion, he sought for an audience with the Queen. This was granted readily enough, and soon he was pouring into her horrified ear his theory of the new tactics.

"What is more, your Highness," he went on earnestly, "the secret is yet to come. If Rowley has thrown in his lot with the rebels, then he will arm them with all the weapons on Earth, even, and will blow this city to pieces."

"Impossible!" breathed the Queen.

"Let us find an old specimen against him," replied Blaud impudently.

The Queen remained silent for a moment. This was against everything that Rowley had ever stood for, but just as she had known that Blaud was speaking the truth at their first meeting, so did she now realize that he was fully appraised of the situation, and that he alone could save the day.

With sudden decision, therefore, she called for the principal members of her council, and less than an hour later Blaud was flying to the front accompanied by as many other "planes" as could be accommodated at such short notice.

Arriving at the scene of action he proceeded to assign credentials to the command and was soon in complete charge. His first instructions were to make trenches with loop-holes dug-out and protected supports. The men he had at his disposal had no idea of such a mode of warfare as he was holding in those, but they were a very intelligent people, and did not take long before, stripped of their heavy armor, they were carrying out with enthusiasm their two general's orders.

Day and night, under Blaud's intense gaze, an army of men labored tirelessly turning an barren and roughly-made machine house. Laboriously, great transport planes flew between the camp and the capital, bringing fresh supplies of food and the necessary materials.

Regularly the Rebel forces pushed up their fighting line and tried to use the potent machine guns with which they were provided.

On the ground the foot soldiers were supplied with rifles and taught the use of them, but for two months of Earth time there was no attempt at a massed attack by either army.

Blaud had made several night sorties and had found out that Blaud was working along the same lines as himself, but that he had gone no further.

Weeks slipped by, and Blaud was becoming rather bored. What was holding back the expected attack? What had his loop-holes got up his sleeve?

Amusement was well being turned out of the Rebel factory as fast as was humanly possible, and now that nearly the entire army was equipped they were becoming impatient and wanted to attack.

At last, after a long conference with his brother officers, the Rebelians decided that the time was ripe for an attack on Rowley and his rebels.

Every soldier was supplied with two days' provisions, and then the great army set out on the march. Overhead loomed the sinister fighting planes with Blaud's own gold and blue markings on the van.

For a time there was no contact and forward went the van of the attacking force. Blaud and several circled the air squadrons as they set to capturing the machine men. Like other aerial automotons the Rebelians industry proved steadily increased.

Then Blaud switched the order to halt, and contacted his "side" so as to warn the men to work digging trenches after they had seen the signal.

While the attacking formations were going on Blaud headed off his "planes" last flight. There he hid as V landed.

Soon the enemy camp appeared in the

them. Trenches and dug-outs like their own lay spread out in orderly fashion, and a fair number of big guns were posted at regular intervals.

However, there was no attempt on Blaud's part to counter their attack, so surprisingly Blaud's force emerged over the horizon and prepared to let loose the crates of bombs.

Thus something did happen, something strong in the crisis.

An enemy plane broke out from her hole which could be heard, or rather felt on the ground, even above the thence near as fifty engines.

Blaud's plan which increased in magnitude and the situation seemed to creep through and through the bones of the attacking plane.

For the first time in his life Blaud felt sorry. He could feel himself clumping forward into the wall of the cockpit.

Blaud, he yanked at the joystick. His plane was performing strange acrobatic antics which it should not have done. It was falling—falling!

With a last desperate effort he sought in vain to bring it to a steady level again, but "up" and "down" were one and the same.

Then came the inevitable crash. Dully he remembered the agonizing moment when he struck the ground, and then his tortured mind became a blank.

But by the time the "plane" which had accompanied him crashed in a similar manner, Blaud's eyes were staring to the ground, there to heart into flames.

Meanwhile, the second in command of the Rebelians forces had become a trifle uneasy at the prolonged absence of his chief, and in the absence of other orders decided to move forward at least one company of riflemen. Shortly the entire company of packed men moved forward, expecting at any moment to be met with a hail of bullets. Nothing happened.

However a hole, the advance became slower and more careful, but soon they had reached a position less than fifty yards from the front line trench. As they stood waiting for the order which would send them charging down into the heart of the rebel camp, a low whistle came to their straining ears, and with surprising rapidity the sound increased to a wail, screaming men of vibrations.

Attempting to dash forward in the attack, the company found itself descending helplessly and aimlessly, and while in this pitiful state there came a burst of firing from the back trenches.

Mainly the advance tried to pull themselves together, even as Blaud had done, but all was in vain. Like sheep once they were driven down. The slaughter was terrific.

Blaud sat in his room and felt pleased with himself. He allowed himself the luxury of a smile. He laughed. There he called for an officer.

"Yes," their leader stepped up with his life, "Bring him in."

★ **DEATH RAINS FROM THE SKIES**

BLAUD found a different Rowley in the hole he had known before.

When he had never been an agreeable sort of fellow, and he had always been mean in policy, but a man is not a villain for the crimes of those traits. The Rowley who was sitting comfortably in a deep chair when Blaud, pale and weary, was hauled roughly into the room, was a villain such as is described in legend.

He seemed unalarmed at a look of sinister dread, and Blaud would immediately that he was dozing with a readiness, a complacency.

If he intended Blaud to a chair, and in a smiling manner, which had previously been to all intents foreign to his nature, began to read his former minutes.

"A charming afternoon, my dear Reynolds. You certainly don't look well, but then we don't feel too good after such a spectacular crash as you have just had. But for the nerves. Oh, undoubtedly walked to the nerves."

"Oh, what your morning mouth!" cried Blaud, his pale face flushing with anger. "I suppose your vile nature has satisfied its insatiable cravings now that you have made us on this planet even more wicked than it is on Earth. You engineered these crashes by abuse of your knowledge of science. You worsened your way into the . . ."

He stopped, helping with passion. The other man continued to smile.

"Reynolds!" It pains me to hear you speak in that way."

Blaud's lips were gloomed white as he gripped the carved arms of his chair. Then, in a low voice he said: "What is your game, Rowley? Don't you realize the horror you are unleashing?"

The other laughed shortly.

"Try to understand this," he said. "Back on Earth my job as a scientist was not unenviable. For the time worth, I can't wait for after-death admission. Now I have the chance to close the books which it might seem. Do you hear?" His voice went still as he finished. "This is my chance. Why should a mere helpless woman rule a country like Rowley's? Why, I ask? And 'Wife'—what the hell did you call Pedro's Negro? I offered him my help, and when he refused me, I am to split the crevices between us—am I right?"

"I suppose you think . . ." began Blaud, but he was cut short.

"Listen to me," roared Rowley. "I'm doing the talking now. I shall rule this country, then I shall rule the planet. I am the only man strong enough or clever enough to do it. I suppose you have no idea what catastrophe it was that befell your miserable 'plane' to-day?"

Blaud did not trouble to answer. Rowley chuckled inwardly.

"To cut a long story short, I have built a machine which, working on controlled mental vibrations, can, in a few minutes by the dash of the operator, so affect the organs of equilibrium in the human body that they become temporarily useless."

Blaud stared at the speaker in amazement, which was evidently unconcerned by the clear an admission for his achievement.

With a glow of self-satisfaction he led Blaud into his laboratory, and pointed with pride at a huge black box from which rose a silver pole disappearing through the roof of the building.

Two or three insulated levers jutted from the side of the apparatus and numerous dials, calibrated in both volts and feet, were set up on its top. On a small table stood a small volume, placed there to help in operating the "wood" . . ."

His face flushed with pride, the rebel earnest allowed his mind to glance at his masterpiece, then he called the guards.

"Put this man in a safe place," he ordered. "To morrow we will hold the first public attention. Good-night, Reynolds!"

Passed up and down in the little hat hole which he had been placed, Blaud's brain worked with mental anguish.

Darkness was coming rapidly, and with it would come, he felt sure, his army of fighting "planes." Laughing, reckless plans would be unconsciously in their dream.

If only he could warn them. If only he could reach the hole, for he had taken particular note from the dials of the ray's electric nature.

Suddenly a plan came to him, so simple, so obviously simple, that for a moment he hesitated.

Then he shrugged his shoulders. He had nothing more to lose, but everything to gain. He began to groan loudly for water.

(Read on in fact of next page)

The WORLD calling MARS

Will speech ever be carried to the planets on the wings of Radio Waves? Shall we ever talk to Mars?

A Message For Mars

THE man walked into the post office and laid his message on the counter.

"Send it to Mars, please," he said. "Without too much of a hearing a hat like this behind the counter began covering the world."

"Certainly, sir," he replied.

And so the message was fully sent out from the General Post Office, high-powered radio station at Rugby—in Mars.

We have unfortunately to learn that the man never saw it reply . . .

But it is interesting to consider whether his message did reach the Red World, and if the time will ever come when the Earth will be able to call Mars.

The Push Of Radio Waves

THESE is every possibility and some interesting theories are explained in an amazing new book, *Exploring the Upper Atmosphere*, by Harold, Park (Faber and Faber, 6s.).

Before we can consider the question it is first necessary to know something of radio waves and how they transmit sounds round the Earth.

Shortwaves, or radio waves as they are now called, are shorter waves with the most frequency of light waves, and they travel at a steady pace at 186,000 miles per second. The speed is so fast, that they do not leave the curved surface of the Earth and reach for very little space?

It is because of a strange belt in the atmosphere round the Earth which acts as a barrier to the waves, and reflects them—put it as a mirror—reflects light—back to Earth.

This barrier is what is called the Heaviside layer, about which we hear so much these days.

It was first discovered in 1902 by Oliver Heaviside, and proved to be a belt in which the air atoms of the atmosphere were moved, or broken up, by some force of radiation generally believed to emanate from the sun.

When broken up, the atoms form hot moving electrons, which act as a resistance medium for radio waves, increasing their speed and sending them back to Earth.



In this way we are able to "pick up" the signals sent out from other parts of the globe.

Waves That Go Out Into Space

If all this is so, how, then, are the radio waves sent out past the barrier and out into free space, bound for the planets?

Several years ago it was discovered that the Heaviside layer was not the only one present in the upper atmosphere, but that there were at least three distinct layers, now frequently referred to as the E, K and F layers.

It was also discovered that the E, or lowest, layer 80 to 30 miles up, sent back only the longest radio waves—those of thousands of metres in length—while waves of between 300 and 400 metres got past and were reflected by the K, or second Heaviside layer, about 60 miles up.

Shorter waves, of 100 metres, get by the Heaviside layer and are sent back by the F, or Appleton layer, which curves between 80 and 100 miles in height.

Each layer of shorter length are now known to go out into space, and for all we know may in fact reach Mars.

Echoes From The Planets?

IN connection with this it is interesting to read of an experiment of a Norwegian radio man.

The phenomenon (referring to Mars) was first observed towards the end of the summer of 1912, by a station attendant, Jorgen Hill, of Trondheim, near Oslo, who found that in addition to the short-wave signals sent out from Kristiania in Norway he occasionally received two only the short wave, which at that distance would arrive about three-quarters of a second after

the original signal, but also another echo three seconds later, for which he was at a loss to account. He would hardly hardly believe his ears, for, allowing for the normal speed of radio waves, these three extra seconds implied that the echo must

have made a journey of more than 500,000 miles before it reached him.

The attendant reconstructed his discovery to Professor Carl Stenstrom, and experiments were made in 1926. Signals sent out from the station, and especially signals of signals sent out from Norway were recorded in London 35 seconds later than the original signals and in London 30 seconds later.

Some radio waves travel at 186,000 miles per second, these signals must have travelled 5,000,000 miles—three times as far as the Moon and back again.

In the light of these odd facts it is not hard to believe that the message sent out by Hagley might indeed have reached Mars . . . and gone further.

But we don't get an answer. Mars it still "Scarier strange!"

Quickly he was led to where the equinoxes of constant were shown up ready to launch a night attack.

"Step, step!" he called as he ran across the enemy ground. "Your comrades who went out under in the day have all perished. Scarier has a machine which rains down on the path of the observers of these areas of balance. In a place you know what that means. But if we keep at an altitude of at least two miles we will be out of range. So ready, lady, and keep your eyes fixed on the altimeter."

With a gigantic roar, two hundred and fifty planes swept into the air.

Some they were flying over Scarier's camp, for he had left all his belongings to lure the Bantelians as near as possible.

Once again the screaming whines split the air, but thanks to Haid's instructions, low high flying, the mass came in to the attacking planes in pure sound waves and nothing else.

Bound as a circle swept the Bantelians, and at a signal from their leader led back into their units of high explosive bombs.

It seemed as though hell had broken loose in the rebel camp. First the barges were scattered to smithereens, then up went the vast ammunition dump and with it five thousand men.

Gradually, Scarier ran about, regardless of the danger to himself, trying to pull his troops together. He pleaded with them, exhorted them to make some effort to retake. But panic-stricken they fled away from the encampment, heedless of his orders and suggestions alike.

In despair, and undecided what to do, he made a dash for his little plane, which still remained unscathed. As he was about to climb into the cockpit he was suddenly arrested by a wild-eyed Agnes. It was Pedro di Negro, with a savage cry of, "This is your dog, Earthman. He played his game into Scarier's chest."

The terrific night raid of the Bantelians completely broke the ring.

Scarier had been wounded, Pedro had been blown to pieces, and every few who had been in the camp that night escaped with their lives.

Once more Bantelians were restored to peace and order, and Haid, the Earthman, was admitted into the chaotic life of El Ciudad de los Pagados Agnos.

He rewards, you may guess, were of many kinds.

Continuing

Vengeance on VENUS

Agos! Agos! Agos! Or several Agos per of name de Deus, Agos! Agos!

The first part of the plan seemed to work, for the two guards opened the door and stepped into the gloomy interior. They saw Haid crouching and kicking on the ground and, apparently in the last stages of collapse.

"Quickly!" cried one of them. "Run and report this to the master!"

As soon as the man had started off on his message, Haid sprang like a tiger from the door and began systematically to check the life out of the remaining guard. With a little cry he swung the unconscious man from him and flung him down.

One of the rebels tried to intercept him. Down he went with a smashed jaw from Haid's lightning left. Out across No-man's Land ran the aviator, and though he was not pursued part of the way, by the time Scarier had returned order and was about to see the ray, he was safe to his own front line.

Where are the "boys?" he queried.

DEVILMAN of the

THE POWERFUL STORY
of an Epic Voyage down
to the mysterious Kingdom
on the Bed of the Atlantic,
and of the sheer wonders of a
strange undersea civilization

★ **KINGDOM OF THE FISH-MEN**

MARK STANMORE concentrated on the spreading field of disturbing colors that was heaving against the quadrangle glass portholes of his deep sea diving gondola.

His brows were contracted and his eyes strained to the powerful headlights fixed above the control board.

At a second porthole, his back to Stanmore, stood Hubert Kells, also peering through glass.

At a third, but also watching the depth gauge, was a little man whose frame told of a giant's strength. He was Alad Cornwall, the attendant on the two watchers.

No sound came from the depths into the water-tight chamber as, propelled by powerful lowering screws, the big, forged steel, apple-shaped gondola dropped into the mysterious profundity of the South Atlantic.

Above the man, and outside the gondola, a powerful searchlight threw a rotating beam into the sea, illuminating the water in the vicinity and setting a noisy line into the distance.

The dial of the depth gauge showed they were already over three miles from the surface.

Stanmore had invented and built this wonderful engine for exploration on the ocean bed.

A scientist with practically all the degrees of history, chemistry, geodesy, physics and general science to his name, he had chosen his companions with care and confidence.

The three were in the prime of life, trained to bear hardships and faced with the desire to add to the world's knowledge.

In Hubert Kells, Stanmore had a man who was an enthusiastic, almost equally learned, and as skilled as himself. In Cornwall he had a servant whose devotion and courage were beyond question.

"Four miles!" called Cornwall.

There was no answer from the watchers.

Up above them, on the surface of the transparent ocean, their ship lay almost without motion. Her crew had been chosen with the same nicety for reliance as Stanmore's ingenuity compasses.

"Four and a half miles!" announced Cornwall.

Still no answer.

The gondola had been constructed to withstand slightly lower pressure. The searchlight continued to revolve, throwing a wide circle of light into the surrounding sea. Occasionally a beam that might have been a gigantic cod or an unknown species of fish flashed past the portholes. Now and then a submerged mass came into the light and faded out.

Were these masses the remains of wrecks that had reached the lower depth to which their weight would take them? There was no time or intention to investigate, for the occupants of the gondola were on a more important quest just then.

A most amazing experience had been theirs on the deep above.

Steaming slowly from the West Indies they had been making for a rendezvous off the South American coast to carry out diving experiments when the vessel had come to a stop!

The powerful engines had been put at full speed ahead, but no progress could be

made. There was nothing that could be discovered to cause this strange phenomenon.

Her propellers were not loaded. Her bows were clear. Her keel had not touched an anchored bank, nor any obstruction. Yet, in spite of every ounce of steam roaring in her boilers, in spite of every gauge indicating that the ship was moving forward to every gibber, ruck and puff of her main fan, she did not move a yard.

She was like a horse that gallops on a revolving stage, putting out every bit of strength yet remaining in the same spot all the time.

"What could be the cause?" The ship had stopped and tapped against some invisible power that held her stationary. For a day and a night the struggle had gone on, and now Stanmore and Kells determined to "dive and seek the reason far below the surface, if such a reason could be found.

The engines had been stopped, the gondola lowered.

Not a thing could be seen under the ship. She floated on the ocean on a ship ahead, without a starting obstacle clinging to her.

Yet something held her prisoner. A strange wave of unknown force could be experienced inside the gondola. The instruments recorded a steady, pulsing attraction of enormous strength coming from the depths. The air supply gave no warning; they had enough oxygen to last for a long time.

"Five miles!" came the voice of Cornwall.

At the announcement Stanmore took his eyes from the beam-alarms.

"Kells, what do you make of it?"

"Nothing. It is beyond explanation."

"As far as it knows the depth of the sea in this section," went on Stanmore, as if speaking to himself, "is about six miles."

He glanced at the control board. The electrically controlled radius balanced asto-

Along a rack above the controls were ranged several gages which could be swung out as a second and discharged at an emergency. These gages were not loaded with ordinary bullets. They were the invention of Stanmore and Kells.

The weapon was electric, capable of sending their missiles ten times farther than any ordinary gun, and the missiles were streamlined bullets of a chemical compound that could penetrate the armor of a battleship, or cut their way through the densest water.

Besides these long-range guns, each man carried reserves of smaller construction. One an enemy was hit by the electric bullets that enemy was destroyed. Each pellet was filled with a toxic chemical, the secret of which was known to the inventors alone, that burned indistinguishably through any element or combination of metals.

"Five and a half miles!" boomed Cornwall.

The gondola swept downward.

Kells kept to the glazing controls and bowed knob after knob, then raised a pair of sighted eyes towards Stanmore.

"We can't stop her!" he exclaimed.

"The controls won't stop her!"

"I have been aware of that for some time, Kells," was the calm reply. "We are being dragged down and cannot see. Get the propellers ready."

Kells bowed Cornwall stepped to the gages which moved smoothly in their revolving slots and swung outward.

Stanmore pressed a switch and the searchlight ceased to revolve and became instead a steady downward flood of light, letting the gondola in dazzling brilliance and shadowing quivering depths descended.

Next he raised a section of the metal floor

to reveal a large glass panel embedded in the framework. He stood gazing down.

Cornwall was about to announce the minute depth above the gondola began to lose the solidity of the deep. It seemed to have met a void.

"Then Stanmore's, voice rang out

"The ocean bed!"

The gondola was stationary at last and the water ceased to rush past the portholes. A thin cloud of mud rose.

Stanmore peered through his binoculars. Kells took up his station. Cornwall remained beside the gun.

And then it happened. Stanmore staggered back from his viewpoint, unstrapped himself, peering to the portholes. Kells swung round, and aimed. Cornwall gave a gasp of wonder.

A face—a human face—was looking in upon them.

Another face came and peered through the glass, a third, and then more. The ocean bed seemed alive with eyes; and yet not men.

In the brilliant light of the white beams they could be seen swimming. Floating, surging lazily, strange creatures that might come in a nightmare, ghosts that might be conjured up by a disordered imagination.

Men's faces they had, but not men's bodies. They were fish—and they were not fish; they were human—and yet human.

Their bodies bore a remote resemblance to human beings, but their sizes were monstrous. For arms and legs they had something that resembled those of the octopus. Scaled some of them were. Their heads were covered with hair, or what looked like hair, just as human beings, and it floated as they swam.

They swam and looked as they swam.

"Shall I give 'em an explosive bullet?" asked Cornwall, who was the most unmoved of the three.

His hand was already on the gun beside him, his eye resting on the sight, awaiting about the glazing barrel.

"Wait!"

The gondola began to move. The fish-men were crowding around its sides. Their tentacles were fastening on the steel hull. Scores of them pressed close together. The great globe was raised from the ocean bed and began to glide along.

No one spoke. Imprinted in the gondola they were faced with a herd of unknown creatures six miles under the sea.

The gondola still moved. Now it seemed to pass between two enormous cliffs that rose on either side. The dark rocks could be seen dropping with the breeze. Then they were to a tunnel.

But the fish men kept pushing the gondola along. At length the tunnel widened. A pale, bluish glow light appeared. It con- tinued strongly with the brilliant light above the gondola.

Kells gave an exclamation and pointed. The portholes of their globe no longer showed water outside. This stream of murkies trickled down the glass. The fish men no longer swam, but walked on solid ground.

"We are in a cave," cried Stanmore. "We are in a submarine hall where water does not penetrate—"

A soft tapping sounded on the outside of the gondola.

Tap-tap-tap.

And then a voice.

"Come out, men of the Earth! You are

Dragged down to the Undersea World

in the biggness of the case of the deep. Come out!"

It was a voice not unlike a human voice. It spoke the language the explorers spoke. Mystery or mystery?

Stenness began to advance the y-rein that prevented the sunlight.

"There is nothing else to do," he said, speaking in a highly excited tone to his companions. "Bring your revolvers, knives, ammunition."

DEEP

He grabbed his own weapons as he spoke and pulled them about him. Then he threw back his foot.

A flood of fresh air entered the gondola, and through the opening the three adventurers saw the most remarkable sight that ever man beheld.

They were in a cave. The arched roof tapered high above them, colored and carved by nature, shaped in shape, massive in proportion. St. Paul's Cathedral could have been viewed in a corner of that gigantic boisterous cavern. It was a network of light dating from the foundations of the world.

Irregular arches and strange moldings appeared on the columns that nature had carved when the Kauch was formed. The roof was supported by these mighty shafts. But not a drop of the invisible deep ocean penetrated to that cave of which which looked back the gleam of the gondola search-light.

One after another the adventurers stepped out into this wonder city that man had never until that moment seen.

Kells was the first to observe how the ocean had been barricaded out. There—some dis-

lance from them—was the tunnel through which they had come, and appeared from the floor of the cavern to the top a solid wall of a substance like mica had arisen after their passage.

It was not mica, but something similar. It was transparent, and beyond it they saw the solid wall of dark mica, waving slightly, and bearing the form of fish fins.

But they had no time for examination. All around them these weird creatures appeared, some at their ankles, walking as if on stilted legs that had no bones within their structure.

They approached in files four deep, from the men, but without expression. As always they marched, trained to keep formation.

File upon file of them came from the place of the entrance until they numbered hundreds. They formed a square around the three men. Not a sound had come from them. Their movements were seamless, their figures, as feet, grew no mark of their approach.

The leader opened and a leader marched forward. He was himself short, with something on. His hair was not matted like that of the man and file, but was twisted into a mass of coils that gave him the appearance of wearing an officer's hat.

He stepped up to the three men and raised a tentacle to salute.

"The men at the deep greet you."

His voice was deeper than that which had invited them so dumbly. Stenness turned to the salute.

"Our presence here means us," he said.

"It is more than anything to have a language we understand—"

"Why?" exclaimed the other gravely.

"We speak all men's languages in the deep. We brought you here because we have need of you."

"I know it," said Stenness. "But what force dragged our gondola down? There are ransomed captives—"

"They will be captured in time. The force that brought you down is the same as

is bringing your ship down now. The magnetism of the Earth can be utilized. Look!"

He raised a finger and waved it towards the great transparent wall.

Through the wall the three men saw the shape of a ship slowly sinking towards the center but. It was their vessel.

"The officer swung round again as his great tentacles."

"In the meantime you will be preserved to the ruler of the men of the deep. You are our prisoners—or guests."

He gave a sign. The ranks closed. In doing so one of the fish-men stumbled. A gasp seemed to go up from the others.

The officer swung round, his light tentacle flashed out like the arm of an octopus. The scuba at the end of the arm caught the shoulder of the leader. It loosened there a moment, and a wave of scales-like ribs rippled along that limb.

The fish-man crouched under the scuba, shuddered where he stood, dropped to the floor and became nothing but a rack, all fish and lifeless.

The leader whirled and gave his sign again.

The three men shivered at the killing of the bloodless thing.

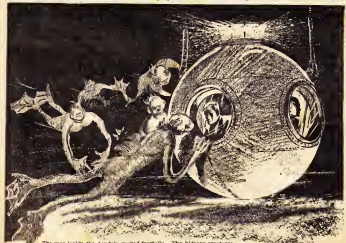
Next moment they were marching in the ranks of the ranks towards the rear of the cavern.

★ THE FIGHT WITH THE FISH-MEN

THE shadow of the night shafts and limited roof raised Kells like a dark garrison in the wall in which they searched; and they had reached what seemed the blank wall when Kells called out to his companions.

"Look! It isn't a wall! It's a man's chest!"

Dark blue in color, if it had a color, the great wall rose above in front of them.



The men inside the gondola waited fearfully. The hideous creatures of the deep were forcing the great shell along before them.

The fishmen had baited, their feet kept treading this mysterious lazo-water.

But through the solid cliff there were other shapes; other fishmen could be observed moving to and fro.

The leader of the troupe heard Kells's exclamation. Without turning his queer head, he gave the explanation.

"It is not so well," he said. "We have made such, necessary, arrangements against the ocean on the inside, through which your diving gauds was brought. Every wall is twenty feet thick, every one of us is secured as we will."

Then he was silent, for the cliff before them was moving. It seemed to slide like a massive curtain, or a door or screen. There was no grinding sound, hardly a creak, but it slid into the granite slowly.

They searched forward again; and again they were faced with a wall of sea. Once more it moved.

Stammers looked back quickly. The wall of sea had closed behind them. A third wall moved in front of them. The time they were in a cove that was dealing with a submarine light that shot upwards from the circle of flooring like the eyes of a devil.

The fish men lowered themselves on their spidery legs, bowing to some unseen presence. The three adventurers remained on their feet. A voice suddenly boomed:

"Leave the prisoners alone with me."

The gauds drew back beyond the third wall and slid upward upon them. The eyes of the three prisoners searched for the owner of the voice. Nothing was to be seen. For a full minute there was no sound.

"Look up!" said a voice.

They looked upward. And the sight that met their gaze staggered them. Exciting as a ledge above the light beams was the weird wonder of all.

He lay on the ledge, his hands in dangling from the rock, his enormous body half to shadow. A fishman, but enormous in size, with a face like a human being, but equally like a seal. A body round and smooth and glossy; a mouth in which the teeth were points. Round the neck a collar that showed like burnished gold; on the long stony arms armor-like bristles.

But it was his eyes that held the gaze of the adventurers. In those eyes were all the cunning, all the will and all the wisdom of ages.

"Who are you?" came from the lips of Stammers, although he hardly knew he had spoken.

"My name is Devilman. I see the ruler of the deep."

As he spoke he rose from his reclining position and began to descend the rock, his neck arms swinging from one ledge of fish men to another. At last he stood on the floor of the cavern, fifteen feet high if he was an inch.

"Your name?" he asked sharply.

They gave him their names, and his eyes darted from one to the other rapidly.

"You have arrived in the submarine world," he said softly, "at a juncture that is opportune. For those hundred years I have waited to get into touch with members of the human race—"

"Three hundred years?" exclaimed Kells.

"Why not? I speak of time as you know it. The fishmen you have already seen live that space I have lived longer, but although I have dragged down steps, no other man has ever come alive. You are the first to descend to this depth."

"Then it was you who stopped me last night," cried Stammers. "How did you do it?"

The monster made a gesture that was meant for a smile.

"Magnetic power," he answered. "Most ships are made of iron. But your men have come with their lives. They have held their breath and moved off when the ship began to founder. So the other hand, your steel gauds was made to fall like a plucked

feet. We of the deep need iron and steel and carbon of use as to continue living. Our bodies are different from yours. We cannot ascend to the surface of the ocean, and you, normally, cannot descend to the depths. Necessity is the mother of invention."

The tone, the affected dignity, the poise of this monster—all were eloquent of a high intelligence. This was no beast of the sea, no animal without a brain.

But in those eyes there was no pity, no friendliness, not a spark of the human emotion; they were the eyes of terrible, back-stabbers. It was as if all the cruelty, all the ruthlessness of inanimate nature was personified.

"What do you want with us?" demanded Kells, his hand on his revolver.

"Your lives—and your weapons."

And then, seeing they did not understand, the Devilman flung out a sucker arm, pointing to the men's weapons.

"We cannot make weapons here. We depend on our arms and our strength and cunning. This trick is at war with your neighbors who exist in greater deeper down in the Earth. I will spare one of you because I need one to help me. I need what knowledge you have. Allied to some that knowledge will give me all the power I want. We will use the one I will spare."

He pointed towards Stammers significantly.

"What about my companions?" asked the latter.

"All I want is their weapons. You will teach me how to use them."

He raised his sucker arm in a signal. From behind them the three prisoners heard the grating sound of an air rail moving. Through the passage fish-men came stamping on their strange legs.

Stammers gave a shout of alarm.

"Make for the passage!" he cried.

"Keep together!"

Up went his revolver, covering the Devilman.

"Call off your people!" he called, definitely. "I will make no bargain for life with you."

★ THE EARTHMEN FIND A FRIEND

FOR across the Devilman set out a shrill whistling scream, and his long neck might Stammers's shoulder. It was like the grip of an octopus. It flung Stammers from his feet high above the heads of his companions as if he were a toy.

Again the whistling scream, and the other fish-men closed in on Kells and Cornwell. But Stammers's revolver spoke, the Devilman staggered back, his sucker arm fell to his side, and Stammers dropped beside his companions.

"To the passage!" he shouted. "Fight your way through!"

Up went three revolvers, and three electric lights bored a rift in the sliding cloak of fish men. Sucker arms waved about them, the cavern was filled with shrill cries.

Again the three revolvers were fired, and more fish-men fell. There was no sign of the Devilman now. He had been wounded, but he lay on the floor of the cavern directing the light with fear and whistling. They heard his high tones above the confusion.

"Save the tallest man! Take him alive!"

A sucker caught Kells's arm and he felt a sort of paralysis flash through his frame. He drew his knife, a long heavy blade, and dashed at the leathery thing. The knife sliced through the arm and the sucker dropped; and even as Gus Betting moved Kells saw that no blood came from his assignment, merely a dark fluid that dripped like rubber on liquid glass.

Cornwell had his knife out also and was about giving it a shove with it. In his left hand he had given spirited death into the frame of his foe. Stammers was backing right and left.

With a rush they cut their way through and stood for the ice wall. It was only partially open, but they were through in a flash and into the next chamber. The ice wall beyond was closed. It rose like a cliff, shaggy, smoky, dripping with water.

A fish man standing by the side of the wall where it joined the rock saw them and he, too, before he had gone a dozen yards Kells was upon him, his knife raised.

"Open the wall!" he roared threateningly.

The fish man knew his life was in the balance. Without a word he pointed towards the rock where a crevice showed. It was a narrow crack a foot or so wide that had been cut smooth. Kells pushed the fish man by the leathery neck and dragged him towards the crack. The creature looked dubiously, making signs that he would obey. Meanwhile, Stammers and Cornwell had also entered this cavern. Darkness was there, solid and chill.

"Look at that, Stammers!" called Kells suddenly.

The fishman had had his arms on a shoulder of rock and was pushing with all his strength. The leader moved, the darkness became a twilight. They saw the leader eye down a grotto and disappear. They heard the ruckus of water, the thrasher of a Niagara from every side; yet in that twilight there was nothing to see what caused the tumult.

"The wall is moving!"

That was Abel Cornwell's cry. But lead on it came the knowledge that the fish-men from the inner cave were upon them. The fish men could not move along the ground half as fast as the fugitives, their scaly legs held to the spring to urge them onwards; but they came pouring through the cavern now.

"Give them a volley!" roared Stammers. Crash went the electric bullets into the mass of creatures. The front ranks went down in heaps. Another volley had more fire. The ranks broke in confusion. But only for a moment.

The shell masses of the Devilman ring out his warning. His enormous bulk could be seen in the gloom. His scream seemed to galvanize his subjects into a frenzy of desperation.

They came swarming on in a wide semi-circle intent on cutting off the opening in the ice wall. But they were too late. The three adventurers were past the gap at top speed.

They found themselves in the last, the third cavern where their gauds lay. The odds glimmered in the half-light. A group of fish men were guarding it, standing ready, their arms outstretched to fence on the three men.

A shrill wailing cry from Kells as he saw those make away. His friends are still feeling the effect of the paralysis that had thrilled through him.

"It's no good to hit them all!" he cried.

"I know," replied Stammers, grudgingly.

"They have a sort of paralytic like electric eels. You hear that, Cornwell?"

"I have seen everything," replied the usually silent Abel. "Let a shot and have done with them."

They advanced, their revolvers raised, anxious to make sure of bringing down at least one with every shot. But as they advanced a strange thing happened. Their suspicion suddenly was less from their hands by an unseen force and sent whirling across the cavern.

A cry of driving broke from their lips. No sound had pierced their gaze from above and yet they had been disarmed at a twinkling.

The gauds began to wobble on its base in front of them.

"It's their magnets! They're not their magnets at work!" roared Stammers.

As he spoke he raised his knife, and it too was cut from his grasp. The knives of his companions followed.

But it was Abel Cornwell, the best

a minute of the three, who found a way out. He stooped and lifted a large chunk of granite from the rocky floor. With all his strength he heaved it at the fish-man. It struck his way into the green, sending them both into the air many fathoms, but they tumbled to their feet and their ankles were raised in terrible reverence—except one fish-man who stood beside the godola as if he had received a fatal hurt.

Kells and Stammers at once followed Cornwall's example.

There were plenty of loose stones and pieces of rock on the floor of the cave, and they sent sailing after volley at the fish-man. They had in hand their creatures as a distance, for some their smaller arms had hold on them. Finally they were done.

Stammers remembered so that they could hurl their rocks without fear of hitting the godola, and the fish-man screamed in terror at the new weapons used against them. They dodged, then heaved and fled, and with a rush the three reached the godola.

The fish-man who had taken little part in the fight was standing beside the godola. At Stammers' dashed attack with his companion at his heels, a sucker arm reached him.

He swung round and looked into the face of the fish-man; and there he saw no ugliness, only a gentle wonder. But he struck out at the odd head of the creature and landed a blow between the eyes that would have killed an ox.

Down went the fish-man in a heap, but he was up again a moment later, and three his arms struck Stammers, so that in the rush he was carried into the godola.

Abel Cornwall slammed the door and bolted it. Kells and Stammers had the fish-man on the floor and were kneeling on him; but to their surprise he offered no resistance. Instead he gasped in a piteous tone.

"I am your friend. Look out! The Devilman is coming!"

Almost as he said the words Abel Cornwall gave a shout of warning.

"There he is, sir! The Devilman!"

★ SEA FLIGHT THE SCIENTIST

TIME about brought Kells and Stammers on the particle. The fish-man lay huddled on the floor, a strange smile on his face.

Stammers swung round and faced him, almost expecting an attack from the creature; but as he gazed into the featureless face of the deep sea dweller he saw no hate, no anger.

The features were more like human features than any of these strange creatures of the deep, and bore an expression of marked intelligence. The hair that covered his head like a mop was turning grey, but there was a firmness in his eyes that blended with a deep penetration.

"It was the only way I could get to here," he explained gravely. "I had to pretend I was attacking you, or these animals would have suspected."

"You mean that you are friendly to me?" demanded Kells quickly.

"Of course. I could kill you all now, if I desired."

He raised one of his arms and laid it gently on Kell's arm, plucking feebly at the cloth.

"All I have to do is to exert the suction pressure and I could extract your life. But I have nothing. I mean to warn you."

"Of what?" asked Stammers, while Kells shivered at the touch of that sucker on his arm.

"Of the Devilman. See, he is coming. I will leave death."

He sank to the floor and curled himself up like an octopus. At the same moment Cornwall gave another shout.

"He's coming forward, sir."

Stammers and Kells looking through the porthole saw the gigantic form of the Devil-



"Look up!" cried the Devilman, and next moment the three men from Earth saw the ghastly king of the deep lying on a ledge above them, a hideous grin on his scurfed features.

man approaching cautiously. At that moment the godola swung away from its base, the magnetic wires that had been set to leave were loosening and would draw the godola from its position.

Stammers swung out the port gun, a weapon intended for sea-going whales and other enormous creatures that had expected to meet in their deep sea work, and leveled it at the Devilman.

The latter stopped at sight of the gun, raising his Sippers. The godola ceased to sway. The magnetism had been cut off.

The Devilman made signs, then advanced a few steps. Stammers opened the porthole, and Kells lifted a spare revolver from the rack above.

"Before you fire your gun," said the Devilman, "hang a bit I have to say."

"What have you to say?"

"You have captured one of my fishermen. He was carried into the godola when you entered. Give him back to me."

From the floor came the voice of the fish-man lying there, speaking hoarsely and in a whisper.

"Say I am dead. It is your only chance of life."

"You would have no use for the remains of what came into our godola," cried Stammers to the Devilman. "Keep your distance, Devilman."

"Then you have killed Sea Flight? Well, it does not matter. I have seen your power and you have seen mine. We are equal. I greet you all your lives."

"Thank you for nothing! I have years in my hand this moment. Stay where you are!"

The Devilman had advanced a step, but now he stopped at the sharp command.

"Even now I could kill you three Earth-men," he cried in his shrill tones. "I stopped the magnetic wires so that we might talk. I know you have vague weapons, too. Shall we have a parley?"

"What do you offer?"

"Your lives and liberty."

"What do you ask in return?"

"That you be my guests and aid me in

Battle of Wits in the Deep

a few things. That you go out to kill as many of my subjects and set me against my enemies."

"We want more than that. We want to get out of your Kingdom and back to Earth. Can you do that?"

"Certainly. I promise to do so later. You will not be harmed by staying with us a little while. Come out of your gondola and let us talk."

Once more from the floor Stammers looked at the ruler of the fish man.

"Do not trust him."

Stammers felt the thrill of the message, the urgent note in the voice of his captor. His thoughts ran feverishly for a split second.

And then the voice came again from the floor.

"Look at the air wall. Beyond it lies your ship. But the wall will move and flood this cave, and you will drown and Devlinan will get your possessions."

So great had Stammers and his companions been in listening to the voice that they had not noticed the advance of the Devlinan. His three suddenly darkened the portals, one of his arms flashed through and shot straight for the form lying on the floor.

But Corvocal acted unthinkingly. He pulled the heavy frame of the door, covering himself and it caught the Devlinan's arm, snapping it against the sharp edge of the frame. The warrior and flung up and down and sideways, touching nothing, but leaving anything it might touch, while Abel held with all his strength against that onrush of flapping tentacle.

The sheets of the monster rang through the cave, his huge arm heaved again and again against the sides of the gondola. Stammers felt a touch on the shoulder. The fish man had moved himself to his knees, so that he was not seen by the Devlinan, and crawled under that waving tentacle.

"I want the fish man's ruyker and fastened on the lower part of the Devlinan's arm. A tremble ran through the waving thing as if an electric shock had entered it, and then it stopped waving and fell limp and inert.

Stammers made a sign and Abel opened the pen slowly, the Devlinan's arm was withdrawn, he staggered back dazedly, drunkenly.

"They will teach you to keep your distance," cried Krika mockingly. "Shut, Stammers! Quick!"

No wonder that cry rang out, for the Devlinan had swung round and showed a face contorted with rage and venom. Just one glance of unbearable hate he gave, and loped towards the gondola.

He headed on top of it, his arms flailing about, his ruyker trying to get hold of the ports and the smooth steel frame. And all the time he was yelling, floundering like a wounded steppedeer, gnawing his teeth at his own tentacles.

It was not long now for the pen to be closed against him, but the other fish man had appeared again on the same floor every cranny and crevice. They came swarming in besides, and then a thundering boom out that sounded like the falling of Niagara. Fortunately the ports were closed and the screws tightened by Corvocal, who never left his head in any crink.

A row of the floor of the cavern came a washing wave of dark water. There was no foam with it, no breaking spray, just a flood of grey blackness that made the gondola roll and lurch like a ball. A voice from the floor spoke calmly.

"Put out the light, please. The Devlinan is watching us."

Corvocal switched off the electric current. Blackness descended on them. The gondola rolled and tumbled abnormally.

Stammers laid to the control board, trying to keep his feet.

"Don't stop the ruyker machine," he said quickly. The pen is here but not here."

In darkness the three put on their ruykers, while the gondola kept rolling to and fro. They knew which had taken place. The sea

was, the hot guarding the ocean from the cave, had been drawn open, the thunder of the ocean entering the cave was the thought that they heard all about them.

That was the trap which the Devlinan had set for them. Once outside their gondola they would have been drowned, but the fish man would have still been in their element.

After a time the noise ceased. There was not a sound to be heard. The gondola ceased to rock and remained steady.

Stammers felt the soft arm of the fish man touch him, he heard the voice speak close to his ear.

"Can you and your companions swim well?"

Stammers removed his mask and answered weakly.

"We are all good swimmers."

"Good, then you can be free if you wish."

"How?"

"Let me out of the gondola. I know the machinery that controls the air wall. I can empty the cave a few feet, enough to let you have space above the roof. I can neutralize the magnetism that holds your sphere down, and your ship, too."

"Why should you do all this for us? There are a thousand questions I want to ask. Why is our ship not attached to pens, in liquid air?"

"Patience. We are highly educated here. We cannot be sure we have a different basis of life from you Earthlings. We are control rooms because we can control oceans. Let us see, there is no time to lose."

"But the search of water—"

"You have a machine in the roof. The roof of this gondola is pressed against the roof of the cave. The water has risen it because of the air inside. Come! Quick!"

The walls flashed on Stammers. They were to the same point as the ruyker machine. The air in this gondola would keep the water out for a short space only if the machine was opened; but the fish man could escape in the bubble the opening would mean.

★ BACK TO SURFACE IN AIR BUBBLE

HE concentrated the situation to his companions and together they managed to open the machine. A huge bubble of air shot upwards and upwards, a rush of water descended on them; but in that bubble the fish man escaped and the trap was closed at once. The three found themselves up to the brim in water.

And then the gondola began to move. Something was dragging it through the sea in the darkness. They felt it more and more distinct, and then a finger tapped on the outside. They saw the face of their fish man pressed against the thick glass. He was making signs for them to open the port.

"Do not put on a light," he said, as soon as the port was thrust back. "You are where you were. I have lowered your sphere to a penacle. You can step out on a ledge."

They clambered out and found themselves on a shelf of rock jutting out from the ceiling. The gondola heaved gently with the work of the machine. The fish man began to speak.

"There is not much time to explain," he said in his cultured voice, "but I know you are anxious to get on the moving of things you have seen. My name is Sea Flight. I am the chief of the scientific department of this deep sea world. I have lived for hundreds of years. The ocean was the cradle of all life. You see Earthlings because the Earth developed you so. We are fish men because the sea developed us in this fashion. Is there any reason why we should kill each other?"

He passed and then went on, speaking slowly.

"Devlinan is a monster who came and destroyed our home. He has the last few power within him. Was it eternal doom here. Fish fight fish, creatures feed on

creatures incessantly. But Devlinan wants the Earth weapons only so that he might fight with them. Already the fish men are in revolt. You be a supporter and coming and end. We are a penacle colony and he called our cave and the sea us."

"Why did he try to get at you with his tentacles?" asked Krika.

"Because I am his greatest enemy. I alone know more than he knows of the force that may be extracted from such an water. It was I who built the force from the volcano under air so that these caves might be fit and the magnetism we make be of use to us. He fears me, yet he needs me. He decided to kill me if I was not already dead in your sphere."

"If we ever get out of this place we shall have you to thank," said Stammers, "but how can we mount to the surface of the ocean, six miles above?"

"By air bubbles. I have everything prepared. There is a ship making on the sea above that will see you when you get to the surface. We know when ships pass. Our magnetism gives the signal."

"I would feel afraid inside the diving dress as I have on board our ship, air," said Abel Corvocal.

"You can use there as an additional protection," said Sea Flight gravely. "Leave."

He rose and disappeared in the inner side of the rocky shell. They followed and passed through a narrow crack in the volcanic rock. The path wound round in spirals until at last they found themselves in another cave. Their guide pointed downwards.

Water faced at their feet; but under the water they saw what appeared to be machinery of strange design and shape. Great sheets and pumps, numerous shafting and belts, hoists and taking rows from the water, and connected to the roof.

"This is the machinery room," said Sea Flight. The machinery is made of parts of wooden ships. We have constructed everything so that we may pump up into the caves and draw out the water by means of penacles."

"But this is incredible!" gasped Stammers.

"No, it is your nature power!"

"The volcano above which we stand. It is so evident that there is vastly more power here the Earth than on its surface." Went Krika.

He was gone for some time, during which the three stood looking at the vast array of machinery.

Finally Sea Flight returned. He dragged behind him three diving suits which were recognized as having been taken from the ship.

They hastily got into the dresses and Sea Flight put on their belts and secured them down with his ruyker bands. Then he connected the air tubes to one of the pieces of machinery. The device he called out as the air force of the sea inside.

Sea Flight signalled to them to follow. His down steps out onto the rock. They clambered after him. The water closed over their heads. And then a strange thing happened. The water receded from their faces, they felt no pressure, no resistance. They were standing now in a circle of air that surrounded them and seemed to be controlled by the power they did not see.

Stammers felt the ruyker band of the fish man work like a fit in a thread.

Next moment he stood upright, and saw his own ruyker band also by his side.

"This was no descent, no ascent—no ascent, up, up they floated. They were the first men who had ever descended to the base of the sea six miles below. They had seen things that no other man had ever seen. Would the World think they were romancing when they told their story? Would they ever see the fish men again?"

They reflected. Here is a story with powerful suggestions which will stir the imagination, stagger and excite. Do you mind more wacky and explicit of Devlinan of the Deep.

PROFESSOR DINGLE
RETURNS IN—

HISTORY HYSTERICAL

PROFESSOR DINGLE'S experiments in the survival of the Subconscious may have brought him fame, but they nearly put a hangman's noose about his neck



Professor Dingle found himself kneeling heavily on the chest of his friend Stobbs, trying to butter the life out of him with a poker.

a happy hunt behind the skirting board. So far as Tower was concerned, it was a case of an ear and yet in fact Dingle lung and pulled wildly, the more refused to come forth to make him a tasty bit. At last, in desperation, he scooped his paw under the board in an endeavor to hook them out.

He missed the paw, but his every eye stroke was rewarded by a tiny click. His claws had swept over the surface of the hidden toy take and raised the shutter.

Meanwhile the Professor hadn't been altogether unhappy in the affair. He was regarded as a knave, and was allowed a considerable amount of freedom. In his eye of Napoleon he stalked about the grounds, hand thrust into his pocket, believing he was still cool as an old lemon.

"But one day I will escape," he cheerily promised himself his brain teeming with wild shuffling plans, "and there will be no Waterloo this time."

He had underestimated his own affinity with two other barbed inmates of the asylum. One was a gentleman with a bald head and a few more who always went about wrapped in a table cloth. His particular delusion was that he was Julius Caesar. The other was small, shaggy and very fat. His idea was even more extraordinary. He fancied he was a toadstool.

On the day that Tower found his way into the Professor's room, these three were seated round a small garden table. Napoleon and Julius Caesar were discussing weighty military matters.

"No," protested Napoleon, "that wouldn't do at all, Nay. The enemy would drive in your flanks and attack you in the rear."

"Nonsense!" boomed Napoleon proudly. "Your ideas are hopelessly out of date. The spearhead formation with its advantage of inferior lines was the way I always attacked any way through. It's the great secret of modern, scientific warfare."

"Now, now," murmured Toadstool soothingly, "don't get excited and start talking on about it, but allow me to point out one up for each of you and that will keep you nice and cool."

"First old Pat," whispered Julius Caesar, slyly tapping his nose, "there's no doubt he's a real toadstool, but we can't just banish him."

Napoleon nodded agreement, and they both solemnly pretended to drink the sandest cup of tea which Toadstool stooped forward to pour out for them. It was at that moment that Tower's quizzing paw swept over the toy take.

Instantly a surprising change came over Napoleon's strong and stern features. They immediately resumed the added intellectual look of Professor Dingle.

Where an "I" he demanded wildly, staring at Julius Caesar's table cloth legs, "And what am I doing here?"

"Why, Nappy, old boy," said Julius in surprise, "we're just having a quiet talk about my legions and your Grand Army—"

But Professor Dingle had already sprung to his feet, hands clasped to his head and a

★ A "LUNATIC" COMES HOME

It will be remembered that Professor Dingle's experiments in the revival of personality had rather an unfortunate ending. Through the pitying curiosity of his chambermaid, Mrs. Mivens, the Professor was himself imbued with the overpowering personality of Napoleon.

In this there was a certain amount of poetic justice. Mrs. Mivens had been the subject of the Professor's first experiment.

By means of his ray tube, the entire interior of which was peacefully awaiting, he had poured in her the personality of Queen Elizabeth.

Under this compelling influence the good lady had, unfortunately, been arrested and found in a drunk and disorderly. The closing of the ray tube shutter had, however, obviously restored her to normal with no great harm done, and no indication of her strange experience.

No motive of revenge, therefore, impelled her to slip back the shutter of the ray tube while the Professor handled a golden snuff box, over the receipt of the famous French Emperor. To begin with, she hadn't the faintest knowledge of the tube's weird power—she was under the busy impression that it was a new-fangled kind of snuffbox covers which the Professor had invented.

Only the shrewd click had guided her feet thence to depress the switch which operated the shutter at the fatal moment. And so now was once more startled than herself when the Professor suddenly appeared behind her, threatening her but

stare coach in order to set out for Paris to begin a fresh conquest of the world.

In fact, her utter astonishment was responsible for the first touch to the unfortunate affair. It caused the tiny ray tube to drop from her nervous hand and roll away out of sight under the dusty sliding board of the door. The long part was that the fall didn't close the shutter. And, so long as the tube continued to pour forth its inexhaustible power, the Professor was bound to remain in the grip of Napoleon's personality.

As he headstrongly pointed that he was, and always had been, Napoleon, the alternate result was his removal to a lunatic asylum. And there he was destined to stay for the rest of his natural life. It appeared the most unlikely thing in the world that anyone would ever discover the ray tube behind the dusty skirting board of his deserted room and accidentally close the shutter. And that was the only thing which could ever revive his own submerged personality.

As a matter of fact, as no one ever did discover the ray tube. Yet, will within six months, the apparent miracle happened—Professor Dingle suddenly became himself once more.

The instrument selected by blind fate for his deliverance was even more unlooked-for than the policy thrust of Mrs. Mivens which had roused his downfall. It was the quizzing paw of a large black cat known as Towser.

In some mysterious way Towser found his way into the Professor's study and deserted room. He was his old-time friend of a fearful variety of more who had made themselves

horrified inquiries of the strange recovery he was in finding his lens.

"Napoleon!" he muttered. "Something terrible must have happened to my ray tube while I was handling that stuff bar. Someone must have opened the shutter, and they've got me in line as a witness!"

"Without another word he went racing away up the garden path in search of an attendant. He soon found one—a busy six-footer.

"My good man," said the Professor. "It's all a mistake; my lens is a plain like this, and I can explain everything."

"Oh," muttered the attendant to himself, "he must've got a touch of the sun so he's lost his wits as a new lack like this. I'd best lead us up for a bit."

"It's all right, Sir," he continued scotching. "There's no need to get excited; the battle of Waterloo House isn't started yet!" And, greatly but freely, he led the professor's Professor into a paddock cell.

It was, however, the best thing he could have done from the Professor's point of view. It gave that man of science time to reflect and collect himself in a cool and logical manner. He wisely decided not to say a word about his ray tube.

Apart from the fact that they'd never before say clear to him, and would treat them all as another madman's whim," he told himself, "I'd have a tremendous lot of explaining to do in connection with the experiments I carried out on the Prime Minister and the High Court Judge!"

There was little doubt about that. He had played the possibility of a real world coming in the Prime Minister while he was addressing the House with credit even more convincing than a walking Charles Peace live again in the mind of the judge!

So he slowly returned himself with clearing a complete return to sanity. In this he was almost quite successful. The chief of the board of mental specialists which examined him was the first to offer congratulations.

"A wonderful recovery, my dear Professor," he beamed. "And we are delighted to think that our treatment has fully restored your fine brain to make further experiments for the advancement of science."

And there he was quite right. Directly inspired by his experience to the asylum, Professor Dingle's intellect was already busy on a slightly different stage of the continuous survival of personality.

This was that all living personalities had had some previous existence.

A few months' close study in his laboratory, and he was ready to explain the basis of his theory and to make an experiment to prove it.

★ STOBBIN SWALLOWS THE DOPE

IN the first place, Professor Dingle decided to avoid his new theory to a friend who he had always found himself.

Here, to three long passages, however, he and Stobbin seldom agreed on anything. On the contrary, they were always invariably found in opposite camps to any non-argument.

Stobbin had been, shaggy eyebrows, a stout, fiery temper, and a good, hard-working man. Professor Dingle created him up to dinner one evening, and after Mrs. Brown had closed away and departed for the night, they settled down in front of the fire with their pipes.

"The only other inmate of the room was Turner, seated on the fourth rug and blinking faintly into the shaggy stare. Since the Professor's return Turner had decided that the only way he could catch these men on the hop was to take up his permanent residence in the room."

"Well," barked Stobbin, stuffing round out shag into his pipe, "what has happened today are you drinking around now?"

"I'm not drinking, I'm around any longer,

my dear Stobbin," smiled the Professor quietly. "I am quite certain I have run it to death and am in a position to put it to a final test."

He went on to give some details of Julius Caesar, Topsy, and the other equally famous names mentioned in his mystic.

"After I had regained my own personality," he explained, "and before I was finally released, I had plenty of opportunity to observe their various delusions in a detached, scientific spirit. These observations convinced me that they were the victims of a distorted, sub-conscious memory of some previous existence."

"The old, absurd theory of reincarnation!" sneered Stobbin.

"Something like that," admitted the Professor mildly. "But, why should I have directly given you, in strict secrecy, substantial points of my ray tube experiments into the general of personality?"

"Curiously ridiculous!" sneered his fiery-tempered antagonist. "Are you trying to tell me that this Julius Caesar chap was actually the great Kaiser in a previous existence?"

"Not exactly that, my dear Stobbin—in fact, the general level of his intellect was rather shabby, and a distortion of some sub-conscious processes, although, I admit, it is hard to suggest a likely solution in his particular case."

"Utter nonsense!" sneered Stobbin with an air of triumph. "And your own observations prove it. How could a living, breathing man possibly have been a input in a previous existence?"

There again, I can remember that he is never to know and a distortion of some sub-conscious processes, although, I admit, it is hard to suggest a likely solution in his particular case."

"With another start of disbelief, Stobbin started to rise from his comfortable chair.

"I'm waiting time," he barked. "If I'd known this was the kind of reference staff you were going to put up to me, I'd never have come. I'd be back more profitably employed checking my bank balances for the enjoyment of a nice coast."

Amusement and higher mathematics were Stobbin's set subjects. But Professor Dingle wouldn't allow him to go. He firmly pressed his fiery-tempered friend back into the upholstery.

"Oh, no, my dear Stobbin," said the Professor quietly, "you are not getting out of it quite so easily as all that. If you think my theory is so absurd, surely you won't hesitate to reason and put it to the test?"

"Put it to the test?" muttered Stobbin, rather taken aback. "But that's quite impossible!"

Before answering, Professor Dingle produced a couple of tall glasses from the wine cabinet at his elbow. In the bottom of each of these was a tiny piece of violet-tinted paper which seemed to give off a weird, radiating glow.

Full without a word, the Professor filled both glasses to the brim with wine and water. The powder mysteriously dissolved with a shyness, suffusing the whole of the liquid with its weird glow.

"There," said the Professor at last with great satisfaction, "everything is ready for the experiment."

"What experiment?" queried Stobbin.

"To prove whether either of us has ever lived before. By intense radio-active action on the digestive glands, the drug I have just mixed will give a powerful stimulus to our stomach and cerebral mechanisms, and what we look through time when we swallow it."

"If you think I'm going to quit a good dinner by swallowing any of your filthy drugs, you're badly mistaken!" barked Stobbin.

"My goodness, I'm surprised at you!" said Professor Dingle, smiling his eyebrows.

"Yes, a terrific man, checking a simple little experiment because it may prove so right and you wrong!"

Stobbin rose to the both like a steering wheel.

"Who said anything about drinking it?" he roared in a voice that made Turner stop on yellow eye wide open. "By gosh, Dingle, I have your permission! I'm going to try anything once if you are, and it will be a pleasure to prove that you are an even bigger fool than you appear to be!"

"Foolish like a true scientist!" beamed Professor Dingle, handing him one of the beaming glasses. "And, in return, I can assure you that the radio-active drug will do you no harm as a physical agent. On the other hand, I have no means of foretelling to what period of any previous existence the drink I have mentioned will take you to. I do, however, make special plans to make three exactly alike, so that we shall both be in the same boat whatever happens."

"I still think it's all stuff and nonsense," growled Stobbin. "But here goes!"

And, watched by Turner's shaggy yellow eyes, the two old cronies clinked their glasses together and drained them to the dregs.

★ SOULS OF THE PAST

ZOOM! Something like a fresh breeze to explode inside Professor Dingle's head with a lightning flash.

Thus he started to be whirling through space at tremendous speed. And as he did so he had a weird impression of a cinema film being swiftly reversed within his consciousness.

So rapid was the flash-back, however, that everything faded a blur, and he had the slightest glimpse of peering out details. And that everything peered to a stop so suddenly that he found him unconscious.

When he groped back to his senses, he had no real recollection of ever having been Professor Dingle, of London, England, he was Geoffrey D'Angle, Master Astrologer, attached to the retinue of the powerful and ambitious Baron De Bessant, somewhere in the Middle Ages.

"A vague dream," D'Angle was muttering to himself. "In very odd, a strange dream!"

He lay on a hard trundle-bed set in the top-most chamber of the castle tower which he occupied for the purpose of reading the stars. His half-worn thoughts were interrupted by a timid knocking at the door of his chamber.

"Who is there?" he demanded sleepily.

"It is I, learned Master," came a respectful voice, "William Crankshaw, thy humble pupil and servant. It is late and cold now, and my lord the Baron will wish to consult thee now."

"Come, good William," replied D'Angle, "and send me to do my robes."

The door was opened and an under-servant, hunched-backed page slipped silently into the chamber. He was dressed in faded scarlet doublet and hose, and begged D'Angle with the devotion of a dog to his sample, known fact.

The Master Astrologer sat up with a second yawn. His trundle bed was the only real article of furniture in the chamber. The walls were of rough-hewn stone above a bay and there with parchment showing various arrangements of the stars. The floor was strewn with rushes.

"My learned Master, sleep well!" called the hunched-backed page, longed himself with something not so eloquent star-spangled thank and was departed out. Then, with a gasp, D'Angle's gazed notes of office.

"Well and sleep, good William, after my leisure preparing the star-reading the Baron De Bessant desired. But, in truth, I had a strange dream. Verily, I had far more in a strange future time when some good sleep along without losing, few in reading centuries like mighty birds, plucked every note and notes from the air by means of magic beams in by strangely glowing hoops."

D'Ingle Enters the Lists

Walter Crumbach took his fingers in his own, a look of horror on his ample-witted face.

"Nay, nay, my good Master!" he pleaded. "Talk not aloud of such unseemable things. We have many enemies, and walls may have ears. If thy rival, St. Aubyn, heard a whisper of such a strongly impossible design, he would have thee denounced as a wizard!"

"Well I know it!" scoffed D'Ingle proudly. "But I fear him not."

D'Ingle proudly put on his star-spangled cloak and cone-shaped hat which denoted his rank as a Master Astrologer.

"Lead on, good Walter," he commanded. "His star-chart servant obediently preceded him down the winding stair-ways and into the rear hall. This was a large, homely structure with a smoke-blackened roof supported on cypress beams. Little D'Ingle's own tiny chamber, the floor was strewn with rushes. A clear fire blazed cheerfully on a large brass fire in the centre of the hall. Beyond it sat the smiling lord of the castle and a number of richly-dressed guests. They were busy drinking wine.

"Hail!" roared De Bransat heartily as D'Ingle entered the hall. "Wine waits for me and my guests, and let it be served by my Faith!"

A very fat little fellow in the rap and both of a pair appeared in answer to the summons. He carried a leather panner or bowl balanced on one shoulder and seemed to take great pride in pouring it accurately into the greedy drinking vessels of his master and friends.

"Tis a clever trick, and he never misses," he said to De Bransat with a chuckle. "And because of it and his amazing talents I have conferred on him the title of De Faith!"

A pair of laughter came from the assembled guests at this typical example of De Bransat's wit at the expense of a poor half-wit. And then his heavy eyes caught sight of D'Ingle's cone-shaped hat.

"Ah, Master Astrologer!" he gazed. "This hat, I hope, brought me a favorable reading of the stars for my road on the rock banks of Dartmoor Hill?"

"I have indeed, my lord," said D'Ingle, supported by his two attendants. "The heavens plainly show that the star of De Bransat is in the ascendant, while that of Dartmoor Hill is under the conflicting influence of the Moon in Perseus."

He was interrupted by a scornful laugh at his elbow. His wrong road is a towering rage to find himself confronted by his deadly rival, St. Aubyn. This was another Master Astrologer dressed in the same star-spangled robes as himself. He was a short, stout man with hawk nose, bushy eyebrows and a harsh, barking voice.

"Listen not to the babbings of this fool, my lord," jeered St. Aubyn. "He talks through his head covering, and would fain lead thee into danger at the hands of Dartmoor Hill. Any fool must know that to succeed in war one must wait until the house of the Moon is vertically overhead and Mercury is in a favorable relationship to it."

With a cry of fury the estranged D'Ingle wildly swung his parchment to knock St. Aubyn's cheeked but drew off his head. Next moment the rival astrologers were at one another's throats, clashing and spitting like a couple of wild cats.

When of a sudden laughter came from De Bransat and his guests as the combatants rolled over and over on the rush-strewn floor. But suddenly one of the younger guests had no sympathy. He whispered it into De Bransat's ready ear.

"Tis a risky quality scheme!" shrieked the rithless Bransat, slipping his knees to fright. "We'll have the sport of it straight away!" He raised out orders for the arrogant astrologers to be dragged apart. Then,

while they still stood peering and glaring at each other, he announced his plan.

"There is but one way to decide which of you star readings is the right one," he stated. "And that is to drive you both in full armor, and mount you on chargers to fight a duel to the death in the tilt yard!"

★ THE PROFESSOR SEES RED

D'INCLE felt anything but happy at the prospect of the coming duel to the death.

As he looked his lowered position, he was at heart of a mild and peace-loving disposition. Only St. Aubyn's occasional nagging had pushed him to the point of knocking his rival's head off.

His own stamch of conviction was that his rival was actually to have any more know-

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A story of a city on the ice of the North Pole.

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● **Darwinian of the Deep**
A story of a man who can live for years without food or drink.

● **Space**
A story of a man who can live for years without food or drink.

● **Master of the Moon**
A story of a man who can live for years without food or drink.

● **Voice from the Void**
A story of a man who can live for years without food or drink.

ALL BY—

SCOOPS

Our Next Thursday . . . 2d.

ledge of the use of weapons than he had known. And Walter Crumbach was quite confident of his master's prowess.

"Thus shall strike him top and thigh," gloated the blackback as he helped to buckle on the armor. "And then we shall be rid of him once and for all!"

D'Ingle wasn't altogether sure of that, but it was now to know that someone believed so too. For his side-arm he chose a heavy and knobby-headed mace.

Thus his voice was changed down, and he stamped out to the tilt yard to await his charge to begin the fray.

After that no time was lost. De Bransat, seated with his laughing and jeering guests in a kind of wooden stand opposite the center of the lists, took personal charge.

"Three returns in battle with," he roared, "and, should neither of you be rebuffed, you will then slant and slash it off on foot!"

D'Ingle growled inside his nose. There was no doubt that the cruel and blood-thirsty Bransat intended to make it nothing less than a real duel to the death.

And then De Bransat gave the signal for the trumpets to ring out for the rival astrologers to come at one another hammer and tongs. D'Ingle's arm was raised by long lance and drove home his spear. He glimpsed St. Aubyn threatening to meet him from the other end of the lists.

And then he closed his eyes in shame, blind terror. He waited dumbly for the steaming shock of St. Aubyn's lance thrust.

It never came. He opened startled eyes to find himself safely at the other end of the lists. In the first course the astrologers had

clear missed each other, for the simple reason that they had both had their eyes tightly closed.

"None of that in the second course!" loudly roared De Bransat.

And this time they both managed to keep their eyes open. D'Ingle took a chunky thrust in the center of his breast plate. It drove into quite a nasty jar. It did more than that—it was here set red for the first time in his life.

Although he had earned his thrust, he somehow swung round in the middle and made a blood-curdle at his triumphant rival with the shaft of his lance. It caught the recoiling St. Aubyn close on the helmet and spun him from the stable to cling down on the grass with a tremendous crash.

But D'Ingle's triumph was short-lived. His charger, started by the clang of St. Aubyn's great fall, suddenly reared up on its hind legs, and tossed D'Ingle with an equally head-cling down on the grass beside his sprouted old rival.

For a few seconds they both lay helpless and absolutely motionless, while De Bransat and his guests roared with delighted laughter. And then the rival astrologers, breathing fire and fury behind their visors, rose on their knees and fell into a kind of writhing dance.

For a breathless moment it seemed that the steady St. Aubyn must gain the upper hand. But a final desperate twist brought D'Ingle's opponent over more. His well-lanced spear had found the haft of his knobby-headed mace. With a surge of triumph he swung it high to give his rival a smashing crack on the head piece.

At the very peak of his swing, however, a blood-curdle. Bransat's mace suddenly pivoted into the very center of his head. And Professor D'Ingle suddenly found himself jerked back through the curtains to his modern existence!

But he was in rather an embarrassing position. He was kneeling heavily on the chest of his pop-eyed friend Stobben with his knobby-headed spear arm raised high to make a steady dent in his skull.

Professor D'Ingle dropped the upturned pole like a hot brick.

"Stobben, my dear fellow!" he cried in dismay. "What on earth have we been getting up to?"

"That's what I'd like to know," admitted his short-breathed friend in a strangely subdued voice. "Was we really back in the days of Baron De Bransat as the rival astrologers D'Ingle and St. Aubyn?—They're both phantastically nice enough one present-day man!"

"There can be no doubt about it," said Professor D'Ingle emphatically. "We actually relived a short period of our previous existence—but only as the vivid revival of subconscious impressions. Actually, no physical bodies ever left this room. They were apparently just asleep in our chairs all the time. Our final impressions were so realistic, however, that we actually did come to grips."

"And don't I know it!" said Stobben ruefully. "It seems to me that it was only old Towner's yell that saved me from leaving my bones on the fourth ring!"

"And I've just thought of something else," continued the Professor, still a little with excitement. "That fat little pouter who was so proud of pouring the wine from his shoulder—he was the very image of poor old Towner in the asylum. And there you have the explanation of his present-day delusion—it is a subconscious distortion of his own pasting trick. By further experiments we should be able to let on almost any desired period in history!"

"No more for me!" said Stobben emphatically.

"But, my dear sir," protested Professor D'Ingle, "there is absolutely no physical danger, the experience is purely mental—"

"Oh, is it?" worried the very suspicious Stobben. "What about that pole?"

Mas

Mad Scientist, self-ty
Earth with all the teaSubmarine Sam Pike shook
his head."Look up all our electron
light fast," he said quietly.
"We can only work on our
Earth engines.""Look, they've got us!"
cried Lord Algy in a half
shout.Suddenly a hundred
blinding glows were
directed on the mas-
tersons above ship. She
was caught and held,
while fingers of light

★ BACK TO EARTH

"By Jove, we're trapped!" Captain Nick Chango yelped as the pilot beam, a laser glider in his eyes. The crew came hurrying forward.

"What a wrong, Cap'n!" asked Submarine Sam Pike anxiously. For today the red-bearded space-captain peered through the bow observation window.

Like a huge, streamlined shell the *Meteor* was leaping towards the Earth with her protective ray web crackling in guard against the intense radiations.

Coming out of the stratosphere, the vessel

when the people of the world are in a state of panic.

It was an entirely new idea for the space-masters. Samcho's eyes rolled nervously in his slony face, and Chango's high-look-beamed face became grim.

The automatic Lord Algyroon Tyford looked impatiently.

"You mean they've found out there's going to be an invasion from the Moon?" he asked, his face somewhat pale.

circled down until it was only five miles above the coastline of Dover.

They had need to warn the world of a terrible menace from the Moon. And now—"The fools, they think we're a warning ship!" said Captain Nick, almost hoarsely. "Look!"

A starlight flashed across the sky; another and another followed in rapid succession, and soon the entire sky was covered and clattered by dozens of warning pillars of light moving in and out.

It seemed that the world already had some feeling of the horror that threatened from the heavens.

"Behold their astronomers have seen things through their telescopes," cried Captain Nick, turning again to the ward. "Remember, there have been terrible south quakes and tidal waves down there. I

meant beyond, ready to focus on the supposed enemy ship from the Moon as it streaked through the stratosphere.

Aboard the space ship there fell a dreadful time limit, the look of waiting.

The members of the space-crew knew that somewhere down below they were writing out the *Meteor's* height and speed, and that it would only be a few minutes below the first shells were hurrying round them.

And they could do nothing. There was not the slightest wisp of a lead above them, no chance of rising and playing hide-and-seek with the ground.

"Can't we take them?" cried out Lord Algy sharply.

"Too late—they've caught us now!" snapped Captain Nick, his red beard bristling. "There! That one got our lead ship!"

"CRU-TMPH! CRU-TMPH!" From all around came the deadly sounds of descending shells.

Through the port observation windows they saw the darkness split by a great raving ball of flame. A shell exploding; another and another. They were caught in a net—a barrage.

"To your stations, men," barked Cap-

er of the MOON

Master of the Moon, comes to forces of the Lunar World

tan Nick. "Discover the damage and report. I'm going to try to haul on the sea."

Quietly and calmly the space-crews disappeared.

"Your Lordship, I wait you," crackled Captain Nick.

He set the great steam-rod still at a steep gliding angle down to the sea as he spoke. They were falling—falling.

Passionately, Lord Algy watched through the window and saw an explosive rocket shoot up towards them. How slowly it seemed to creep up through the black darkness!

Captain Nick was pulling back on the wheel, afraid as if he were trying to hold the great space ship as his lip.

Came a roar crackling through the telephone from the engine room below. It was Schweitzer's hiss.



A thin pencil ray leapt from the great ship, and the rear carriages of the train disappeared in an orgy of destruction.

"That you, Cap'n? We're hauled and—stop. Earth engine gone. But I can patch her up and make her watertight before we strike the sea."

"Do an," snapped Captain Nick. "And give the order to the crew to take to the portable—ready to abandon ship. Send out a radio S.O.S. Though I expect they're watching, and will pick up survivors."

To Lord Algy he added in a lower tone, but soon the line snapped.

"Now, your Lordship, you have your part to play. In another minute we shall be in the sea. We may all be drowned, but you—you've got to escape. Get a 'chute and put it on—snappy."

As the young Peer got a pouch from a locker there was a strange, soft look on his face and his jaw jolted miserably.

"You've got very little time before you go out and jump," gasped Captain Nick grimly. "That thin coil-back—a jet all the information about the situation from the Moon—take it to the Prime Minister."

"And you?" asked the young Peer.

"I'm sticking to the ship," said Captain Nick with a grim smile. "These people might be on the top, but maybe it's just as well. I've a message to bring out. Look, before you go tell me the Master of the Moon on the Photophone."

The Master of the Moon?

At the mention of the word identified who

had caused all this chaos and confusion, and who he believed to cause even greater disaster on Earth, Lord Algy grimed his teeth.

Impulsively he opened and rejected, his powers not recognized, Dr. Hugo Wehler had journeyed out into space some years before. He had established himself as Master of the Moon, and he had watched nothing but trouble, his ultimate aim being to wreath the world and destroy its civilization.

Though he was far away in the fabled blackness of space, Lord Algy could still feel him in the Photophone. He had watched the Master himself use it.

It was a marvelous invention. Merely a small black screen, but by manipulating the controls Lord Algy could not only get a picture of the Master of the Moon, he could see that screen, but could hear him speak as well.

For the first few minutes, however, it seemed that he was to fail in his attempt to find them again.

Obtuse, shape, standing through space flared upon the screen, and great V-shaped fins and other craft. Some they like a great escaped Captain Nick's jet jet.

"The armed forces of the Moon," he muttered. "The few escaped from the dead sea where we held them up. And they're your Earth. I'm afraid it's all over, but there'll be no time to warn the world."

Even as he spoke they saw a mass of wicked strips flaring in the black blackness of space—and on the side of it a great floating island, covered with space spears.

"He's to that dead island," gasped Captain Nick.

The floating island was of tremendous extent—and while it flared on the screen a shining space ship aimed up at it, and a Moon Captain in glittering red armor stepped out on to the floating island and into one of the dome-shaped buildings.

The picture disappeared.

And then the heavily watching space-crews and Lord Algy saw the Master of the Moon. He was certainly inside the building on the floating island.

He sat on a great chair, his bearded face in shadow, and stared gloomingly down into a visionless air jet.

All around him was whirling machinery. Mighty machines facing up the powers of death that were to be based on the world. Drums thumping, rotors spinning, everything the thrust and return of steel connecting rods, the high whirry of copper discs spinning round at a pace so terrific that they appeared to be slowly revolving the other way.

"The swine!" growled Captain Nick. "That's the dominating my life's generation. I tell you he's a diabolical monster. If that ray were transmitted through the colored system of wires on Earth—telephones, telegraph, electric light cables—why, he could rattle the world to bits!"

But the Master of the Moon, regardless of the trouble machinery around him, was leaning forward, peering more intently into the vision screen.

A helpful smile appeared on his bearded, beak-like face.

"Oh, deep, peering voice sounded on the talking screen.

"They're," gasped the Master of the Moon. The Mirror in watching into the sea, brought down by the lightning self-acting camera. It is good!"

Lord Algy gave a violent start.

"He's watching us in the vision screen!" he ejaculated.

"Yes," said Captain Nick with a grim smile. "But he can only see the ship swinging down. He can't see us inside here. We have the advantage of him with the Photophone, we can both see him and hear him speak!"

And just then the Master of the Moon looked up abruptly.

The Moon Captain in glittering armor across had entered, and, coming to a halt before the Lunar Lord, he saluted with upraised arms.

The Lunar Lord glowered at him.

"You have brought supplies of the chemicals that will free this floating station from the space spears?" he growled.

"Yes, Lord, I have brought much supplies."

"Good. Hold this station to release the attack cannot be launched upon Earth."

The Master of the Moon rose to his full height, and stared into the screen at his feet.

"I will take care the faster ship now," he growled. "But war—we, my master change into the sea. I will watch that same change. If so much as one does I will launch him down from the sky. I will—"

At that moment, Captain Nick stretched out a hand and turned the switch.

"No time to see any more of that, he," his voice crackled.

The screen had become a black.

"Go! You've got to jump and read your 'chute," snapped one of the space-crews.

"Make it snappy, your Lordship. And remember, the Master of the Moon is watching. But you've got to get that whole look to the Prime Minister. He's got only time of watching the world. Good bye, and take you with him."

He held out his hand and Lord Algy gave it a firm grasp.

"We're falling!" shrieked Captain Nick, down to the engine-room. "All hands abandon ship. Vase to your 'chute! It's every man for himself!"

Aware of a sudden variation in his stomach, Lord Algy slumped down to the window.

Both air lock doors were open, entered by a special mechanical contrivance. Looking down, Lord Algy saw dark water tumbling below.

"Here goes," he muttered, and leaped forward, falling. Three figures grasped after him.

As he left his body floating over he growled. But he held on, counting the separate strokes, while his hand went to the top coil of his parachute.

There was a sharp crackling larval there below. His falling body was brought up short to the straps of the parachute as it blossomed out.

Something throbbed past him and went down like a silver thunderbolt. There was a mighty throbber of water in the sea for he knew as the Meteor disappeared.

A spurt crossed Lord Algy's face.

"Captain Nick—his gas!" he cried. He hardly knew what happened after that. He was aware of slipping his 'chute—emptying the sea under it by about ten to that he fell faster.

He saw a grey shape steering beneath him. It happened to be a British gull. As he fell into the sea, a longboat, manned by British sailors, veered straight towards him.

Then he was being assisted aboard the dingy. There the Captain cracked him coldly.

"You are Lord Algyson Tyford?" he asked in unfriendly tones.

"You're late at it," said the first failed young

Death Rays over Dover Station

some adventure, settled by the other's discovery. "And I came with important messages for the Prime Minister from the westward. Captain Nick Chance, who made a voyage into space some time ago. My messages are of the utmost importance, and—"

"A cold smile crept to the naval Captain's lips.

"I don't know about that," he said slowly, faintly. "But I have to inform you that under the Defense of the Realm Act you are to consider yourself under arrest."

*MACHINES FROM THE MOON

IT was a staggering development. Lord Algernon Tyford and the three moon soldiers, Sambo, Chung and Beharaine Sam Pika, who had also been picked up, found themselves under arrest as public enemies.

It was useless for them to tell their story. It was simply not believed. The fact was that a wild rumor had spread the news of the Earth.

Yellow airplanes, stream and savage tidal monsters had brought fear and terror to the world. Sun Finances and Hong Kong were almost demolished by earthquakes. Tokyo was in ruins. And the peoples of the Earth believed that they knew the reason.

Captain Nick Chance's journey into space had been well advertised. And since he had landed from the Earth, there had been strange and malign influences on the Moon.

Scientists assumed that it had moved slightly out of its orbit, and had approached nearer the Earth. And it was this that was disturbing the Earth's atmosphere.

Dr. Dr. Martin, Master of the Moon, and his staggering plans for an invasion of the Earth, so far had based so much as a word.

Captain Nick Chance was blamed for negligence and miscellaneous scientific experiments. Sambo had been dropped to Earth shortly after his departure, but he had been seen to the ground mysteriously. All this mischief had been done by Dr. Martin, but the world credited it to Nick Chance.

So recently, indeed, was the whole matter viewed that a Defense Committee of all the nations had been formed, and it had been agreed that the space ship should be treated as a hostile and enemy craft, with the results already seen.

On the following day Lord Algernon Tyford and the three space-soldiers landed themselves prisoner. Under armed escort they waited on Dover Station for a special train to carry them to London, and Whitehall, where they were to be interrogated.

This was exactly what Lord Algy wanted, except that he did not appreciate the manner of their welcome back to Earth.

"Ailly none change when they see Captain Nick's documents," he murmured to himself.

The "special" slowly glided into the station and drew up at the platform. Sambo and Chung glowered sulkily around them. Except that they were not handcuffed, they were virtually prisoners under close guard.

for soldiers with bayonets fixed close behind their backs.

Sambo and Chung did not like it. They were looking the loss of Captain Nick very keenly. Beharaine Sam Pika clamped a grin between his teeth and a pessimistic look came on his craggy face. He perceived a void in air of indifference.

But he was angry at the welcome accorded them and was ripe for mischief.

Lord Algy abruptly jumped in his carriage as he stood on the platform. He suddenly left laughing and cheerful, at his senses starting to waver. He turned to see Sam Pika.

"Something's going to happen, old chappie—I can feel it in my bones. And, if you know what I mean, it's something dashed unpleasant. Look out for yourself."

If he could only have seen a few miles above his head, Lord Algy would have realized how true was his instinct. A strange helicopter was trawling through the thin atmosphere. A helicopter from the Moon as whose platform stood two figures in space suits. The Master of the Moon and Captain Beharaine, his grim-faced Lunar lieutenant.

The Moon soldier was a ghastly spectacle in his silver alloy garb with his pig-like face, metal bits of eyes and silver lips.

There was something horribly repellent about him—and it typified all the Moon soldiers—as he crossed over a great ray gun, whose muzzle was pointed downwards, while the Master of the Moon peered into a television screen as a platform inside him.

On the screen was a picture of the space-soldier and Lord Algy waiting under a heavy solitary armed escort as the special train steamed into the platform.

"I could get them with the ray-gun, Lord," the Moon Captain murmured. And he licked his lips ferociously.

"Fool! You cannot!" perched the bearded assistant. "We must drop lower, right over Dover Station—we must make certain of getting them. But first, drop your fog bank."

Thirty seconds later the fog banks dropped on the platform where Lord Algy and the space-soldiers stood, and loosed, The effect was instantaneous and overwhelming. Nothing black smoke arose, obscuring everything. In a few moments the station platform was so black as night, and both the soldiers and their prisoner were groping about in bewilderment.

Suddenly Lord Algy grabbed Sam Pika's arm.

"Quick! Make a dash for it with the others," the Young Free bawled. "I've got a hunch something's coming down out of the sky. I may stand away, but I'm back that way. Run for the engine—bolt for it—and get away, quick. Look out—the ray!"

They were already running for the engine at the head of the train when Lord Algy cried these last words in terror-filled accents.

The helicopter swooped and the ray struck in a blinding white zig-zag. It was terrific, striking through the softened fog like lightning. And soldiers were seen to reel, the train crumpled up, many of its rear carriages collapsing as it turned to dust.

Lord Algy and the space-soldiers spring for the engine. As they tumbled into the driving compartment the man in charge gave way before them, and Beharaine Sam Pika threw off his brakes.

The train, or what was left of it, was moving.

"We've got to reach London and see the Prime Minister," panted Lord Algy. "There were the Captain's last orders. And watch out for the Master of the Moon."

Beharaine Sam's reply was to grab a lever and jerk it out. The electric "special" loped away with a quiet rattle.

It was over twenty miles of perambulation like a typhoon. If it was not an explosion, Beharaine Sam made it one. He was driving a locomotive of the wronging ray from above. Gables were to get to London, and

Can it be DONE?

Ideas for Inventors



DIRIGIBLE LAND ANCHOR

Equipped with this strange device, a dirigible could anchor itself to land without the help of a ground crew, or at those times when stalled motors or damaged steering apparatus leaves it at the mercy of the elements.

This world is not the perfect place we sometimes imagine it to be. Thousands of things—many of which would be of great benefit to mankind—await an inventor. Who can invent an anchor for an aircraft?

The Wreck of the Electric Flyer

The Prime Minister, nothing more stop them. Reaching a curve Lord Algy looked back. Suddenly a wild cry left his lips.

With a shriek of fear the space-suiters spun west in the direction of his gaze.

"Be Lord, are we!" gasped Frank.

Two of the huge Moon machines — lurching strongly — like towering ferns — were coming along the railway track in pursuit of the train. They were a sight to strike terror into the hearts of the bravest. At least twenty feet high, each turret was mounted on a single wheel which revolved at lightning speed in a silver disk.

The long shafts of the towers, instead like pyramids with the surface. How they progressed on rails on Earth could have told, but they did not at an amazing rate. And at the cables of the towers themselves, resembled the halloos after Moonsmen ever their feet.

"Faster!" screamed Lord Algy.

The next moment the electric apparatus was tearing along the rails at even greater speed, and the two Moon machines were cowering in hot pursuit.

Steering back in far ahead track, the men from space saw that the incredible machines were going fast. The great Moon power were being fired into orbit, and from their guns, behind their screens, came the light.

Already some of this light had laid hold upon the disintegrated rear of the train, and it was blazing. The fearful pursuit could have had one result. In the end the Moon machines must find the rings of the engine itself, and then all would be over with the men who had come to warn the world.

It seemed as if Submarine Sam Pike would find the rushing train off the rails in his haste to get away. It was very lucky that there was nothing on the line, and likewise that there were no accidents, else the space-suiters would have met with disaster.

His after side was being behind, the curves in the track along the space suiters spun and spun from the lap of fire of the amazing Moonsmen. For as the curves the whirling Moon machines seemed to lose direction.

"They're trying to outdo with us," gasped Sam Pike suddenly. "They'll pile up the flyer in wreckage."

And then just as the mottled specter in the night sky was in its last days, a shadow moved actively overhead.

The spot from space looked upwards, and a wild shriek left their lips.

It was a powerful tapered spaceship, coming down in a curving orbit over the burning engine. It revolved on only two feet overhead, and there was a strong red ladder hanging from the open doorway.

The gagged pilot flew with perfect control, adjusting his speed exactly to that of the racing train. Peering out from the closed doorway was a big, bearded military officer, and he was peering to the men from space in an unmistakable manner.

At the last moment, evidently, the War Office had realized that they had made a mistake and they had sent a reserve "plane."



The parachute cracked open, and Lord Algy hung in mid-air as the giant "Meteor" hurt screaming past him, down into the black sea below.

upon Sam Pike, and though white of face he grinned grimly.

"They want us to get aboard," he said. "The submarine can handle grimly."

"Get going. It's our only chance."

It was the work of a few moments for the agile space-man to climb up on the roof of the train. The ladder was hanging overhead, and they scrambled up one after another. Submarine Sam was the last to leave.

As they scrambled into the cabin, and the "plane" rose rapidly into the heights, they looked down and saw a fearful sight.

One of the Moon machines had crashed into the track, and the carriage had taken up; the driving catch had burst from the rails and crashed on its side. All that remained was a terrible, ghastly mass of wreckage.

★ THE INVASION BEGINS

LOLD ALGERNON TYFORD stood looking a while in a room at No. 10, Downing Street, with Samson, Chang and Sam Pike, being a gathering of representatives of the world's knowledge and wisdom as probably would ever be made in its history.

It was a gathering of the best government scientific instruments, astrologers and statisticians of Western civilization. Some steps in all extended the room, while outside a force of detectives guarded No. 10, Downing Street from the mob whose pass, was but a creature of the wild terrors that had seized the people of the Earth.

The world was England, and at the official town residence of the Right Hon. Sir John Stansbury, Prime Minister of England, his most famous delegates were congregated before the returned space-voyagers to consider their position.

The Prime Minister, his hair gone snow-white in a few days through anxiety and worry, was on his feet, speaking:

"Gentlemen," he said, speaking in English, "in view of the facts we can only regret the untimely death of Captain Nick Chance. The documents and evidence he has sent clearly indicate that the quest for the precious chain and confusion on Earth rests with the scientist, Dr. Hugo Martin, who mysteriously disappeared some years ago, and who, it seems, has made himself Master of the Moon."

A low murmur of assent greeted the statement.

"Captain Nick Chance bears an invitation of Earth," went on the Prime Minister. "And he has stated in his letter that the only safeguard against the invading hosts of the Moon are machines forged from this Moon metal. Unfortunately he gives us no clue as to where this metal is to be found, beyond stating that it is in the region of the so-called Moonsmen of the Moon in Africa. Gentlemen, we have little time to prepare."

He looks off, and turned.

The door opened suddenly, without warning, and a military officer stood on the threshold, his face grim with fear.

"Gentlemen, I have grave news," he began in a hoarse voice. "The Moonsmen are here. They have wrecked Berlin, simply used the city to their ground."

The room swarmed to the living, startled intakes of breath.

The Intelligence officer made a gesture to be heard again, his eyes bracing strangely.

"More than that, gentlemen, I have to report that the Army of the Moon has landed on Salisbury Plain," he said in repressed tones. "The British Army at war in the field in opposite fronts, but the battle is going badly against us. Gentlemen, it is time for drastic action. The Moon feet is sailing over this city to destroy London."

Terror on Earth! All the forces of the Low globe united against the world. Many searching glances in each man's long array of "The Moonsmen of the Moon."



Here's a

Gone are the "Wide Open Spaces"

THE great engines must take the blame for having knocked most of the wilderness out of the world's really lonely spots.

Flight retains an amazing instance of this. A great Imperial Airways liner, the *Manxton*, was recently landed in the Syrian Desert of Iraq for minor adjustments to be made.

As soon as the passengers were removed

A Weekly Review mainly about Ourselves and of the Wonders of the World of To-day and To-morrow

SCOOP

Why Streamlining Must Come

THERE are still a number of people who cannot see just how it is that getting things done and doing a better one and a tapered tail should necessarily come first over average airplanes as it does any other shape.

There are two facts to prove that streamlining must be a part of the victories of the future.

A military authority declares that the famous German "Flying Hamburger" 50 opens three slots through the air with a little resistance that it is possible to stand within ten feet of it as it passes and even a long-handled broom held in the hand is not made to flutter by its passage.

A compare that with the best design which follows the passing of an ordinary express at speed . . .

Ask even the Chrysler Company has given the lead in the automobile industry with its latest streamlined model—the *Deluxe Car*. If necessary this car, which has a comfortable body and carries eight persons could keep up a speed of well over 100 m.p.h. So steady is it that the authors there you can read a paper or write a letter in it—at 100 m.p.h.

The next step will be a slightly more moderate performance by machines which carry air or light passing it but are powered with "Bak" or "Bak" engines.

When undertaken through the air at a good speed, they will offer the upper a tremendous saving in petrol, and there will also be the advantage of a lowered taxation.

Britain Goes by Car

LAST year Britain made more cars than any other country.

The motor industry produced machines to the value of nearly £40,000,000, represented by 218,142 private cars and 64,577 commercial vehicles.

Car production last year went up by as much as 30 per cent, and a fact which proves that the car is the star in the industry becoming thoroughly motor-minded is that no less than 60 per cent of the total output of the motor industry consisted of small cars of 10 h.p. or less.

The volume of traffic on our roads will rise by enormous.

While in France there are less than four cars per mile of road and in America more, Britain has more than 15 cars per mile.

The King's Cup Air Race

ONCE again the King's Cup Air Race will be fought out by means of a number of short distance legs at high speed instead of a single long race over 20,000 miles.

The race, which starts places on July 18 and 14, at Hatfield Aerodrome, will be flown in a number of hours and four rounds.

On the first day the eight hours of Round One and the four hours of Round Two will be flown off, each heat being of 200 miles.

instead of it were held on the old line, where a large number of towns had to be visited by the competing planes as they moved round Britain. But in flying people themselves the race will still remain a big event—and a very close thing, for only the most experienced pilots may enter.

Scientists "Go Fishing"

SCIENTISTS are experimenting in shock-wave by electricity in an attempt to increase the catches in the River Avon.

By means of electrically-charged arcs it is believed that the salmon could be kept in a straight "run" up the main stream of the river and be prevented from swimming off into the many side-streams—as they do at present.

A scientist who has been "fishing" but in another way, is Dr. William Knottall, who has been studying fish for more than forty years. What he doesn't know about salmon is hardly worth knowing.

He first proves the scale of a salmon on to an inked pen disk under an impression of the scale on paper. By a careful study of the ink impression he can answer almost any question put to him concerning the fish.

He will tell you just how old it is, the number of times it has been in salt water, and how often it has gone back to its fresh-water home.

Laugh that saved Life

LAST week we published an article on Lascarisians which has come about by accident, and it brings to mind an even stranger "accident."

Modern surgery owes one of its greatest blessings to a dentist who tried to raise a laugh!

He wanted to make a party go with a swing and in order to get a number of young people to laugh he made them inhale ether.

To his horror two of these became unconscious.

But a wide-awake medical man was quick to see the significance of this—and after experimentally ether vapor to be used as an anesthetic, relieving the pain and saving the lives of many thousands of patients who come under the knife.

that nothing serious was wrong except of them desired the machine to have a look at a real desert and its boundless wastes.

But their solitude was rarely broken by fire. R.A.F. machines, which suddenly roared overhead and gave the passengers a show of really high class flying.

Then followed a plane owned by a petroleum company and fully two men, driven by natives, who seemed so accustomed to aircraft that they did not even stop when they saw the giant 40-storied apartment on the road!

Round-the-Houses Race For Britain

SOME weeks ago we were discussing the possibility of the first road race in Britain being held at Brighton this year.



New the Junior Car Club announce that it is hoped to hold England's first "Round-the-Houses" motor race at Maresfield Bay, in East Sussex, this season.

Members of the Council of the J.C.C. are to examine the proposed course—a five miles course—and will confer with members of the Corporation.

If the scheme is approved the J.C.C. will ignore the event and we may see motor cars hurtling through the streets of Maresfield Bay at more than 100 m.p.h.

England's 1,000 Home Broadcasters

THORNER is a recent case a young radio enthusiast who had ventured to broadcast his program had his "station" dismantled by Post Office officials who had touched it down. I would like to convey my idea readers may have that broadcasting experiments are frowned upon by the authorities.

There are no objections to the public experimenting with broadcasting apparatus as long as a license is obtained and certain definite regulations observed.

The broadcaster has to pay £3 for his broadcast license and he gives a certain definite wavelength below 153.4 meters, which is the maximum allowed.

Whenever wavelength is guarded will enable the broadcaster to avoid interference with other transmitters, a very necessary precaution when it is realized that there are more than 1,000 private broadcasting stations in England now.

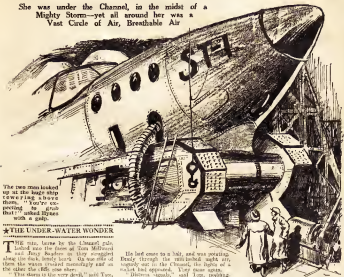
SCOOPS

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Submarine Tank No. 1

She was under the Channel, in the midst of a
Mighty Storm—yet all around her was a
Vast Circle of Air, Breathable Air



The two men looked up at the huge ship cowering above them. "You're expecting to grab that?" asked Hykes with a gasp.

★THE UNDER-WATER WONDER

THE men, lurching by the Channel gate, looked into the faces of Tom Milford and Jerry Hykes as they scowled along the dock, heavily lashed. On the side of them the water crashed manfully and on the other the cliffs rose sheer.

"This storm is the very devil," said Tom, his face streaming with moisture, his lips quivering from the sting of the salt spray.

"Well, you planned on a voyage, and I'm leaving you," retorted Jerry. "That gap we came down a mile to a mile back. Do you happen to know if the tide comes right up to these cliffs? Because, if so, there's an awfully good chance of us being trapped."

Tom Milford laughed.

"No chance at all," he shouted, against the roar of the gale. "We're surely at no such a cross road—and this you'll get your big brains."

"It'll need to be good," said Jerry warily. He was the star reporter of the *Seafarer* Star, and he had come on the strange expedition at the invitation of his friend, Tom Milford, who was an electrical engineer of promise. They had crossed the North Coast, and had left their car at the top of the cliff, thereafter descending a steep gully to the beach.

Jerry was welcomed, for his friend had promised him a regular camp. The mysterious Professor, Robert Milford, it seemed, lived in a cave, and nobody knew why.

They had expected to arrive in the dusk, but the storm had swept up the Channel as unexpectedly, and it was dark already. They struggled on, wet to the skin, their eyes filled with the shimmer of the crashing surf.

"Hallo!" greeted Jerry suddenly. "Look out there!"

He had come to a halt, and was pointing, dazedly through the rain-lashed night air, vaguely out to the Channel, the lights of a vessel had appeared. They came again.

"Divine signal," said Tom, looking. "A tramp steamer grounded on a sandbank, I suppose. Poor luggers!"

"What's a story all that—and I'm stuck here, helpless," grumbled the reporter.

"There's a crack better story where I've taken you," pointed Tom Milford. "Come on."

They loped on, occasionally glancing out to sea, but there were no further signals.

As they heaved the tide was nearly up to their feet, but you beyond there was a shallow bay, with a vague blackness in the white cliffs, like the entrance to a great cove.

"What's that?" said Tom suddenly.

Against the blackness there was a stabbing point of white light. The two young men advanced rapidly, their feet sinking no more on the soft sand. Jerry now saw, to his surprise, that the cave entrance was covered by an immense sheet of half-rotted steel. A man was crouching against it, using a powerful electric torch.

"What's the idea?" asked Tom Milford, gruffly.

He flashed a torch of his own, and the man rose round with a gasp of surprise. He was clad in a leath' outfit and carried, and his shadow, cast across Jerry was sinister.

"You made me jump!" he exclaimed.

"Mr. James Wolfe, I think?" asked Tom, calmly. "I've seen you before, you live in that funny house on the cliff top. May I ask what you are doing here, or—stepping around my uncle's cave?"

"I regret that remark," said James Wolfe, aggressively. "I have as much right on the beach as you. You'd better apologize, young Milford. I allow no stranger snoopers like you to tuck in me in that way."

"No," asked Tom, innocently.

Crack!

He was quick tempered and before he could stop himself he had sent his fist sailing into Wolfe's face. The two men were like a couple, and when he picked himself up he stopped drunkenly, but after a moment he recovered, and without a word he ducked off into the darkness.

"That was a bit drastic, old man, wasn't it?" asked Jerry softly.

"You don't understand what's in the cave," replied Tom, rubbing his aching knuckles. "That fellow was up to no good. Wolfe says I should try this library about here. I believe he's been springing my snails for months."

He fumbled the light of his torch on the great steel covering of the cave—actually, double doors of massive steel. In one of them there was a little window clear.

"No such good spying here," said Jerry.

"Don't! I've never seen a man pounce like this."

"Wolfe was trying to tempt with the water door," said Tom, as he inserted a key in the lock.

The steel lifted swing open, and another of them came that James Wolfe had told

within an ace of piking the lock. Tom's key had turned stiffly, but he gave no thought to the matter—at the moment.

"Open!" As the door closed, the sounds of the heaving surf went out.

Jerry blinced.

He was within an enormous crew, and long legs from the roof were powerful electric lights. Deep in the shadows of the cabin Jerry saw masses of machinery, obviously in work benches, lathes, and drills. Beneath a Spence was humming.

"Ye gods!" ejaculated the seaman.

Like greatest surprise was accompanied by the towering bulk of the strange ship, which stood in the crew's course. It was a thing of blue grey steel, and it seemed to be a cross between a submarine boat and a tank. There were powerful cranes on either side, and lights were gleaming from the portholes. There was no ceiling lower in the roadway area, on its upper deck, but a great glass dome forward. Tom was watching her intently, face wide lively interest.

"What is the name of wonder in it?" demanded the seaman.

"Allow me to introduce you to the 'S.T.I.'—as my uncle calls her," said Tom Midland. "That's short for 'Submarine Tank No. 1.' I'd like you to notice, Jerry, my son, that you're looking upon the world's eighth wonder."

Before Jerry could find words to answer, a Spence appeared in an opened doorway of that extraordinary craft. Professor Reuben Midland came forward briskly, and he greeted the nephew with much warmth. He was very different from the halfhearted professor of before; for he was a straight, well built man of about forty, with a lean, clean shaven face and extraordinarily alert eyes. He was dressed in naval attire.

"Fity about this storm, Tom," he said, after he had been introduced to Jerry. "I'm afraid you've brought your loved ones here for nothing. I shall be able to give a demonstration to-night."

"Are you able, uncle?" asked Tom.

"They'll permit the engineers here," ordered the professor. "They have no objection practically. Right about this. Those who can't possibly reason why they should remain to-night."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Tom. "I don't like you being here alone, Uncle. The feared Wolfe outside the door."

"As long as he was outside, no harm was done," replied Professor Midland dryly.

Wolfe has been giving me quite a lot of trouble lately. He's very nervous about this invasion of mine. But don't concern yourself, Tom. My present arrangements are adequate. He looked to the S.T.I. "Well, sure that your friend is here, he might as well have a look round the ship."

"Just what I was going to suggest, sir," said Jerry eagerly.

"I would prefer you to publish nothing at your age, however, until you have seen an actual demonstration of my vessel," cautioned the Professor. "There have already been rumors, and I have been called a madman, and my ship is derided as an unworkable dream. For over a year, with the help of a stomach band of faithful engineers, I have been engaged in building her—and I may tell you that her trials have been completely successful."

"I take it that she's a submarine, but which one, inward along the sea bed?" asked Jerry.

"She is more than that," replied the Professor. "In many respects the S.T.I. is a novel enough craft. She is propelled by electricity, and her tractor are of the ordinary type."

They went through the steel doorway near the keel, and Jerry Sanders, his professional instincts aroused, was soon lost in wonder. He was conducted into the engine-room, where a powerful electric motor glided under the strong shafts. The control room was a wonderful mass of dials and indicators and instruments. There were levers,

a steering room, and luxuriously equipped cabins.

"But the 'mystery chamber' was the most wonderful of all—a great steel apartment, dead absolutely, which occupied, in its centre, surrounded by a gleaming guard rail, an extraordinary console much as mine. It was different from anything Jerry had ever seen. He could just sit in there. It was neither dramatic nor engine, but a globe-like conference with a mass of gleaming spokes and shimmering coils. All the lights here there were harnessed tubes, and against one wall a mechanism, with strange radiating dials.

"The super-saturated here is preserved here," said the Professor. "It is impossible to give any demonstration until the vessel is at a depth of at least one hundred feet. It is a pity I can't take the S.T.I. out to-night if you can wait until the storm dies down."

"I'll wait, sir," said Jerry promptly.

They made their way into the comfortable lounge, where the Indian produced tobacco, and an attendant of waiters, all with soft smiles. Tom switched on a carefully concealed radio.

"Every moment, you see, Jerry," he grinned. "Just in time for the arrival news bulletin, I think."

"I'm deeply regret to report that the Alpha, one of Britain's latest type of submarine, has met with disaster in the Channel, came too near shore of the B.B.C. transmitter." The Alpha, answering in the Channel, was overdue by the radio room, and on being to the surface after diving operations, she came up with a broken frontal window, the keel, the bottom was sunk at once, and the steamer, crippled, lumbered to Gibraltar later, also drifting by nearly a mile. The Admiralty reports that there is little hope for the stranded officers and men, as the storm is still raging in the Channel, and no attempt at rescue as yet is made.

"By Jerry! Those distress signals we saw!" ejaculated Jerry Sanders. "They must have been sent up by the French steamer." The tone of his reflection took place almost before his eyes.

"Was" exclaimed Professor Midland, almost hoarsely. "There's no time for me to get hold of my equipment. Will you two depart?"

"What do you mean?" asked Tom, staring.

"I mean that there's a chance for those poor fellows, after all," replied the Professor. "We're going out—as the treaty—said I'll press to the world that the S.T.I. is a first creation of its kind, but the most practical invention of its age!"

★ S.T.I GOES INTO THE CHANNEL

IN the talking room James Wolfe stood at the look of the towering ship. A rope, dragging from the darkness overhead, was being violently agitated. A moment later a thin, dark-haired man was on the beach.

"Thought you said it would be easy!" he growled. "Look at my hands—like raw steel."

"Cut it out!" mopped Wolfe. "Is Janan coming?"

"On his way down, by the look of that rope," returned the other, tenderly covering his hands.

Three minutes later a third man had joined them; he was short and thickset, with a broad oval of countenance. Both Janan and Hyman, so fast, were professional gamblers.

"You said it was a quiet sort of job, Mr. Wolfe—and by the look of it you were right," muttered Janan.

"I was mistaken in my trouble, born, as you had better have your gear ready," said James Wolfe. "I was reckoning we'd have nobody but Midland to take care of, but his nephews and another young fellow here

come down. Don't worry, though. We've enough, and they're not. We've got to get into the case to-night—and grab that boat. It might be our last chance."

"Awww! Right, sir?" asked Hyman. "So high you'd be surprised," started Wolfe. "Midland has got something in those which will shake the world. If we can get hold of the boat we can set her for ourselves. Come on! If you want to ask any questions let them wait."

Wolfe had made his plans in advance, and he was not going to abandon them because of the unexpected arrival of the two young men. Already he had succeeded in picking the lock of the steel wicket door. One turn of a delicate, gleaming instrument now and the door swung open. He and his companions entered. Before them, in the electric light, stood the S.T.I.

"You're expecting to grab that?" asked Reuben, with a grin.

"Come!" said Wolfe shortly.

No living thing was to be sight. They pushed the open steel door in the bow of the strange vessel to discover that Wolfe heard a sound from somewhere in the lattice. Gusts of wind on a metal slab.

"Quick, you two!" muttered Wolfe.

He dragged them along a steel-lined corridor a moment later they were within a dark storage chamber, and the door was closed. Immediately afterwards they heard a dull clang, but they did not know what it meant.

"We're aboard, boys," whispered Wolfe. "So now to go into action yet. We'll wait here. Maybe Midland and the others will show up. Midland has got comfortable living quarters at the back of the cave. We'll wait."

Little did they realize that they were strangers on the strongest vessel on earth—looked for an speck-making trip which was to shatter the world!

"By the dream was great, I would not risk it," said Professor Midland, in the control room. "But that makes reference is as sure that two strange men from this cave, and we know almost for certain position."

"Give me an order, sir," said Jerry Sanders, blinking with joy. "Shall we?"

What a snap he got the sea if the water off!"

The Professor gave them their orders. Tom was given brief instructions as to controlling the motor and he was left in charge in the engine room, the Professor himself took the control wheel, with Jerry by his side. Already the great steel door of the cave had been opened at the back of an electric switch.

The engine-room indicator glowed, and a power, as an illuminated dial, appeared in the water. "Start," Tom Midland growled without even a nod, and, suddenly, the great vessel launched into life. The S.T.I. quivered in all her hulls, and crept forward.

Like a great lead tank she moved out of the cave, into the heaving bay, across the storm dashed beach—and down into the swirling, thundering waves.

Straight on she drove, plunging into the spray and water, the waves breaking over her in swirling cascades of foam. It was an ominous rumble for Professor Midland, for until now, he had never taken his vessel out in anything but calm weather.

She behaved magnificently. On the next, the storm waves heaving for grandly at first, until she stumbled and shook like some great creature in pain. Then, as the drive deeper into the sea and the waves closed about her, the geyser was easier.

She heaved along the sea bed until overhead there was a mass of cold, crystallized water. All was calm here, and the tumult of the storm ceased for nothing. Jerry Sanders was loosened. The vessel rose which he and the Professor occupied was high in the lanes of the vessel, surrounded by a dome of toughest glass.

In the S.T.I.'s very nose there was a

Entombed Seamen Wait for Death

sea-light of tremendous power, giving a wide beam.

Jerry could see, in a grayish-green mist, the shapes of phantoms like fish as they sped, started, as all directions. Gradually, too, there would be word severed growths, floating up from the sea bed, and writhing and swaying as the S. T. 1 advanced.

Suddenly the strange vessel would list acutely to port or starboard as the unexpected resistance of the sea bed, but the going, in the main, was satisfactory. Professor Milward was keeping her on a fixed course, constantly consulting the great illuminated compass and the dial of other instruments.

"If the wireless apparatus gives anything like the submarine's correct position, Mr. Sanders, we can't miss it," he said solemnly, after a long silence. "We're directly ahead of us somewhere—and not a great distance off, at that."

Jerry was frankly bewildered.

"I don't doubt your ability to reach the surface Alpha, but how will you be able to help the imprisoned men?" he asked bluntly. "They are locked up in their cramped vessel, and we are necessarily confined to the interior of our own."

"No, Mr. Sanders—not necessarily," was Professor Milward's only reply, and in his voice there was a ring of quiet triumph.

★ IN THE CIRCLE OF AIR

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER WALTERS, of the British submarine *Sirena*, heard his men with a gasp, sweat beaded face. All heads had gone. The great submarine, motionless, stopped, was lying on the sea bed. There was a heavy list to starboard.

Three of his compartments were already flooded, and the officers and men were packed like sardines in their chamber of doom. Water had reached the batteries, and deadly gas had been poisoning the air for the last hour. The supply of oxygen was at an end.

"Now, we have just where we stand, and there's no sense in looking seaward," said the young commander, his voice rock steady,

although hoarse and strained. "There is no chance of rescue."

The men were silent.

"I'm no doubt that vessels are already entombed, and perhaps frantic efforts are being made to reach them down," continued Walters. "But, in such a storm as we know is raging, they can't do much. I wish you to take that gently and bravely—we'll know you will."

There was a murmur from the men. Many of them were slowing green-faced, pale in the face of death. Others had bill vomited, and were already being conspicuous. The atmosphere in that closed chamber was foul, noxious. Breathing was a ghastly effort.

"Hikey! Am I going potty, mate?" asked one of the men suddenly, in a hoarse voice. "What's that bloomin' rocky light out there?"

Lieutenant-Commander Walters looked up sharply—towards a line of round portholes overhead. Then, their look refuge, was the men's faces, for every other part of the ship was unobtainable. They had managed to crowd to here, closely packed, with the water-tight door hermetically sealed.

"Great heaven!" ejaculated the Commander in amazement.

He pushed his way through the men, ground at iron girders, and leaped himself up. With his face close to the glass he stared out into what should have been pitch black sea.

Instead, he saw a great globe of greenish fire, and he knew, in a flash, that it was actually the powerful searchlight of some extraordinary vessel which was advancing along the sea bed.

Walters shrank, doubting his own sanity. He knew that the Navy owed no such debt.

If some monster, and he could now vaguely discern the outline of

the mysterious craft, he could see the great lantern which enabled it to make progress. Behind him the men were mad with excitement.

"Keep your heads, men," urged Walters, in agony. "Heaven alone knows what this ship is, but I doubt if she can help us. There's not the time, . . . To live we must have air—and have it quickly."

But the fans of the sign were clogged, for the unexpected manning of the S. T. 1 had brought them hope.

"By Jove! There she is!" exclaimed Jerry Sanders breathlessly.

It was a thrilling moment. Into the vague mists of greenish light had come the black bulk of the wrecked submarine. She was listing awkwardly, and Jerry could distinctly see the jagged gash in her plates which had been caused by the collision.

"Let us pray we are in time," said the Professor, moving his controls.

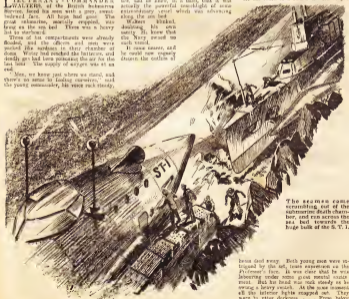
The S. T. 1, still some distance from the submarine, came to a standstill. The Professor spoke into a microphone, which communicated directly with the engine-room, telling his nephew that he was no longer needed there. As Tom joined his companions he gave a shout of excitement, for he had seen the ghastly shape of the Alpha through the crystal glass of the dome.

"You've found her, then?" he ejaculated.

"But what now?"

"Watch," replied Professor Milward.

At the touch of a switch the searchlight



The seamen came scrambling out of the submarine's death chamber, and ran across the sea bed towards the huge bulk of the S. T. 1.

been dead away. Both young men were intrigued by the set, some experiment on the Professor's face. It was clear that he was laboring under some great mental strain. But his head was rock steady as he swung a heavy switch. At the same moment all the interior lights snapped out. They were in utter darkness. . . . From below

The Navy Saves the Situation

runs the increasing heat and that of the great electrical power used.

"We run upon an electricity for entire power," came the Professor's voice. "We need all our power for another purpose. Look! Do you see?"

Calves to the others, four tubular arms had risen from the "concern" of the vessel, and in spite of the intervening sea water, the two amazed passengers could see something which was like a continuous electrical discharge. The lightning-like flashes occurred in succession, but were soon laid hidden by clouds of mist or steam. At the same time an increasing and threatening roar drowned all other sounds.

"What is heaven's name is happening?" burst out Tom, astirly startled.

"You are witnessing a scientific phenomenon of unusual character," replied the Professor, "depending on the excitement of the sea." "Practically, we shall be able to talk more comfortably."

Nothing was visible outside the transparent dome now—of least, nothing but a confused swathe of dense, steaming vapour. Astonishingly enough, the sea water which had passed so closely against the outer glass was now to be seen there. The turbid continued, but now, gradually, it was lessening in its density, and the Professor's companions could see that the vapour was thinning.

And then, almost as though by magic, it cleared away completely, and the entire deck of the S. T. 1 was visible. Overhead, shooting forth from the tubular arms, was a vivid electrical discharge which gave an unearthly black illumination, but which, as itself, was not dazzling.

"But this is impossible!" cried the reporter.

The vessel was standing in the very centre of a water-free zone, and the extremities of the zone, on every side, and above, were hidden by dense swirling vapour and a kind of misty fog where water and air were gusted. Standing boldly within the singular "atmosphere zone" was the motion submarine, and the sea bed, on every side, was lit with a dying light which had been caught in the transition.

"We must wait one minute before going on deck—to make sure that the air is breathable," said Professor Milward calmly. "Otherwise I would leave my companions until we had gone to the rescue of the unfortunate men in the submarine. What you have seen is capable of a clear scientific explanation."

"I call it a miracle," said Tom. "I can't believe it even now."

"You little know, I think, that water is composed, by volume, of one part of oxygen to two parts of hydrogen," said the Professor. "In other words, you gas. Created, they become solid. By the discharge of a certain force of electricity—I do not intend, Mr. Nipper, to inform you as to the exact voltage—I have destroyed the hydrogen atoms in the entire zone. At the extremities of the radius they are still fighting for their lives, and beyond that they are extinct. In short, they are still united with the oxygen atoms, and thus remain water.

"While the power from my electrical sea is contained there will be no change. In the time now every electron of hydrogen is destroyed," continued the Professor calmly. "When I made my first experiment some years ago—in a small scale, of course—I was naturally excited by the magnitude of my discovery. But of what practical use was it to destroy the hydrogen atoms in a body of water, leaving nothing but oxygen in the residual space? That set me thinking. What if I could destroy the hydrogen and then discharge the current quantity of nitrogen, in the form of gas, into the void? That void would become filled with the sweet gas we know as air—pure, breathable air."

"And you mean—" began Nipper, "glad."

"I mean that we have reflected this slight delay so that the nitrogen discharge should have a chance of combining with the pure oxygen which was left in the hydrogen-free zone," replied Professor Milward.

He turned to his nephew.

"Tom, I want you to hurry down to the lounge and fetch a portable air-cylinder apparatus which you will find there," he went on. "It's possible that some of the fellows in the submarine are unconscious, and we must be ready for any emergency. We may have to cut our way into the vessel."

Tom hurried down the stairs. At the bottom a gas was thrust forward and returned into his chest.

He was late to face with James Wolfe.

"Sikh 'em up, young Millward," said Wolfe misily.

"You!" ejaculated Tom. "What feebly is that? How did you get aboard?"

"Better not ask questions," interrupted Wolfe. "Keep your hands up, and do as I tell you."

Tom was agitated at the sudden introduction, too. Unarmed, he could do nothing but comply with the order. There was a nod in Wolfe's eyes. Wolfe, for his part, knew the nature of the means through which had brought the S. T. 1 out to sight. He believed that it was merely a draught-tube trap, and he knew, also, that there were only three men aboard. It was an opportunity which would never occur again.

Tom caught his breath as he saw, standing in the lounge, two other men—both armed with submachine-guns.

"Perhaps you'll relieve me—who holds the upper hand?" asked Wolfe, in a low voice. "Now, money, listen to me! Call up to your uncle and to your friend. Tell 'em to come down here—and put a lot of urgency into your voice."

"Never!" roared Tom. "Do you think I'll lose them into this infernal trap?"

"If you don't, one of my men will sweep up that ladder and rifle your friend with bullets. It'll be easy enough, then, to grab your uncle."

Tom thought of Jerry, slumping up there on the deck, against of the strange device taking place below. . . . A rattle of gunfire, a hail of bullets. . . .

"Hacks—Ughs!" yelled Tom angrily.

"You, son, Jerry. Quick! Come down here!"

"Hills! What's wrong?" came the Professor's sharp voice.

"You and Jerry come!" cried Tom.

He had been thinking quickly. Better for all of them to be swept—killing—for one of them to be murdered in cold blood.

In a moment Professor Milward and Jerry Nipper were tumbling down the stairs—plunging straight into the trap.

"Hands up, gentlemen!" and James Wolfe mockingly.

The Professor and Jerry, at the foot of the ladder, upon found in amazement to find themselves manacled by gears. The shock was tremendous.

"You infernal scoundrel, Wolfe!" said the Professor fiercely.

"Cut out the compliments," snapped Wolfe. "We're down here, on the sea bed—and there's not a living soul, except me, within miles."

Tom started. He had remembered the submarine, of which Wolfe knew nothing.

"We three are armed, and you are not," continued Wolfe. "I want to have this vessel for myself, Milward, and you're going to tell me how the man. You're going to explain the workings—"

"Aren't you an atheist, Wolfe?" inter-

rupted the Professor. "I'll explain nothing."

"We'll see about that, my friend! You're rather fond of your nephew, aren't you? Either you'll obey my orders as I'll about how down—now—in front of your eyes. Which is it going to be?"

Lieutenant-Commander Walters, scarcely able to believe his senses, gave the order for the mainmast hatchway to be opened. In the particular type of submarine there were direct communication with the deck. It was death to remain in that poisoned atmosphere, so there was no risk in opening the hatchway.

Great beams were swung, the hatch slowly opened. But there was no recede of water, no deadly deluge. . . . Nothing but a gush of life-giving air.

So amazed were the officers and men of the submarine that their noses, already more whippers, failed them altogether. Dizziness, at such a moment, was impossible. The men went surging up upon the submarine's deck, gulping in the pure air.

"Are we all here?" asked Walters, as he stood on the clearing deck with one of his officers. "Look! What do you mean?"

"No good asking me, sir! I'm past believing," said the other. "I don't even know that I'm still alive. This thing's impossible. Write on the sea bed, and yet we can breathe."

Walters stared across at the S. T. 1.

"Why is there nobody on that vessel?" he went on. "The whole thing's impossible. Has the no officers or men? What sort of a ship is she, anyway?"

"Whatever she is, she has saved our lives, sir," said the other officer. "But she doesn't belong to the Navy, and—"

He broke off, for one of the men, recovering rapidly, were lowering themselves to the sea bed; they were running across the intervening space, and now they were clambering up the great ladders of the S. T. 1 and scrambling aboard.

"Come on, Robinson—we're in this!" said the Commander abruptly.

Meanwhile, aboard S. T. 1 James Wolfe looked his automatic suggestively.

"I'm giving you just ten seconds longer, Milward," he said. "Better make up your mind."

"You win, Wolfe," said the Professor, his feet haggard, his eyes dull. "I'm not going to see my nephew killed in cold blood."

"What!" shouted Tom, at the top of his voice.

All the time he had remembered the submarine; during the past few moments he had heard vague news, and now there was a cluster of feet on the metal deck. Wolfe stared up at the open hatchway in thunder-struck bewilderment. . . .

"Quick!"

Tom seized his opportunity, and for the second time that night he felt his fat crawling into Wolfe's face.

"Quick! Quick!"

James was firing blindly, and it was only a miracle that caused his bullets to miss the Professor. The next second Jerry was upon him, and they were fighting madly.

And then came excited voices from above; men clattered down the stairways. The British Navy had come to the rescue of its rescuers.

Now it was all over. Wolfe and his gang were safely imprisoned, and then Professor Milward made an explanation to the startled Lieutenant-Commander Walters. When the entire submarine crew had been taken aboard the S. T. 1 began the return journey.

And England rang with the staggering news of the men who had been given up as dead. The S. T. 1 had become world-famous in a day, proved a scientific possibility by the burden of love!

Every Word was an Order, every Sentence a Command from the—

VOICE from the VOID

AN INVISIBLE NET drags the East from end to end, and a White Man gives orders that Men, Women and Children might live

★ BLUNDERING THROUGH

JIMMY stoned round and slowly realized that he was absolutely alone. The Voice from the Void had talked to him, had kept him occupied, while his captors got away.

One thing was apparent, and that was that they have him as well! Indeed, the Voice had, on more than one occasion, firmly stated that it was disposed to be friendly towards him.

All through the adventures of the past few weeks the Voice had been cropping up, and on several occasions had succeeded in warning Jimmy, who was now engaged in Secret Service work.

Hint at a job some weeks before, he had consulted his aide, Lord Broadwater, the Foreign Secretary, and as a result had been sent scouting for a Phantom ship that had been sent on the Essex side of the Thames Estuary, and to investigate strange gossip of a Voice, a mysterious Voice that spoke out of Nowhere.

It all sounded a little tall, but Jimmy was a whole lot wiser, and shortly by had seen and heard things on the lonely sailings that spoke of terror and mystery.

He had seen the Phantom Ship—a strange ghost vessel that came out of the mist and disappeared again into nothingness. He had heard the Voice, too—a Voice from the Void that often roared as from a thousand tongues in strange places and out of Nowhere!

Then Jimmy had met 'Arry Binks, a regular old sailor who was staying on the coast for the good of his health.

A story that as the sailings, attended for Jimmy, had caught Mr. Binks' border eye, and his incident had concerned the friendship 'Arry Binks was in on the adventure.

Together, the two had gone on a secret mission from Lord Broadwater to French Ben Ahmed, a British Agent in Arabia, and with the timely intervention of French had saved them from disaster at the hand of Bill Ben Hassan, a desert gangster.

They had returned to Paris with the idea of discovering something about a mysterious Mavel Ghazal, but had arrived just in time to see the man addressed by Tom Farring, a brother in law of Mr. Binks, who had somehow become mixed up in the mystery.

Ghazal had been taken away in a car, and Jimmy had followed—on the back of the vehicle itself.

Not he had been seen, and when the car stopped, Jimmy was led into a field at the point of a rocky outcrop of French.

Mission failed, and a Voice spoke to him, and then it was that Jimmy discovered that he was alone.

As for Mr. Binks, he had stayed in Paris and there now remained nothing for Jimmy to do but to get back to Paris and find him. He was moving off when he was aware of something white on his trouser leg. Looking



There came the sharp, staccato rattle of a machine gun as the car swept by, and Giuseppe Legotti lay a crumpled heap across the pavement.

down, he realized it was the back of a new envelope fastened to the material by a pin.

A few words were scrawled on the envelope. They were all-weather and out of use, for they had been penciled in after darkness.

They were: "Tell Harry I'm all right. Let Binks have 'Y. F.'"

Tom Farring, who had guided him to the field, had left this message behind. He had not dared to talk to Jimmy. He had only been able to scrawl on the back of the envelope he found in his pocket. Jimmy took the message with him and tramped back to the road.

He walked on some distance and came to a village. There he was fortunate enough to find a garage, and a postman of France who, like all such, was willing to do most things provided the money was good.

As the British Government was paying, Jimmy proved the money was good, and the Postman's thoughts brought out an ancient four-cylinder car and drove him to the middle of Paris and left him there with easy hat messages and such stuff—see, as he has been and seen or twice before, the money was good!

Jimmy went to the hotel at which he and Mr. Binks had stayed. It was his own hope.

When he got home he found a stranger awaiting him. On a table in the hall perched a little office was the few minutes. In other words, the ordinary grumpy which the hotel served from back to nobody who wanted it, quite good heavily, too, let it be said!

Also on the table and overflowing on to the floor were various smaller bottles bearing the green and golden emblem of a famous British beer. The few ounces bottle was easily depleted. The precious British bottles were as dead as motion.

Mr. Binks had the porter's hat on. The porter had Mr. Binks' bundle hat on. He sat, did the porter, with tears in his eyes. Entering to Mr. Binks, but whether the tears were caused through the poverty of Mr. Binks' French or the intense pain of his story no casual observer could guess.

"Wicked story," Mr. Binks was saying. "Then what he was? Well, my dear Harry, and me wandering about like one of the Blessed Brides in the Wood. Look! . . . Alone in the great city. And we both get gone to an aerial fair! Now see! You compare! Man and Mrs. What do you know about it?"

The porter only understood about two words of this, and those two words were "Now see!" He naturally thought they referred to him, and being convinced as an unobtainable authority for Mr. Binks, and being in a really excited state of emotional him, he promptly fell on Mr. Binks' neck and kissed him on both cheeks!

"Hi!" gasped Mr. Binks. "I ain't your Aunt Kate. Leave me alone! What—?" And then he saw Jimmy, grinning in the doorway. Throwing the porter aside with considerable dignity, he got up and said: "Tell me it's true. Somebody tell me. . . . " "Say it, it's so . . ." murmured Jimmy.

"You ought to have been a crooner, 'Arry!'"

"May all the powers forbid," roared Mr. Billis fiercely. "We've always had more in our family, Jimmy. . . . He put out his hand. Then he turned to the poster and cried: "What's that stuff? You nazzies! Out with you more. My girl's back. And take my best-love in off. What do you know about 'em, Jimmy? He means the Arabs, but he spells it 'He was a nice, I told him it was nearly Krumpholtz, but he says it's Arabia. Angles, nazzies, don't count. He's a good swell. What about that few nazzies, 'Arry?'"

"I don't want any 'nazzies,'" said Jimmy. "I'm going to bed. And so are you. You'd get this ship fired if you keep on bugging somebody served now!"

"We'd look after 'em, wouldn't we, 'Arry?'" asked Mr. Billis.

"The poster pleased. He clattered forward. He said to him Jimmy:

"That's the best 'nazzies," said Mr. Billis chuckling. "He will keep on bugging you. Sometimes he says 'I'm a Jewer,' but that don't matter no between friends."

"'Arry,'" said the poster, taking Mr. Billis' hand ("That's me—'Arry," and Mr. Billis, for Jimmy's information, "you are something. One I give you my satisfaction.")

"Good," said Mr. Billis; and Jimmy took his arm and dragged him to the door. They left the hull porter contemplating the wreckage, and Jimmy fervently hoped that his own world could be repaired again that night. As it happened, they were not, and he learns most of the episode.

The following morning, Mr. Billis, a little sheepish, Jimmy and the hull porter, also a little sheepish, met in the hall. The hull porter saluted them both warmly and Mr. Billis greeted at him.

"Where to?" asked Mr. Billis.

"Here," said Jimmy. "I'm going down to Denmark again. You get an idea, the shells they say and there . . . just as it begins there."

"They crossed that day.

Landing in England they bought some daily papers. Incidentally Jimmy had shown Mr. Billis Tom Farving's message, and Mr. Billis said he would write to his sister Edna about it, she being Tom Farving's wife. The daily papers were full of the German message. The message had been studied long from his own base and from the inside of a network by a detachment who shot down the man Gerault always kept by him as a bodyguard—the Gestapo. Like a great many other rich men, never went about unaccompanied. His bodyguard was likely to be nervous, however. Nobody had a great deal of sympathy with him, for the man was a notorious ruffian.

When Gerault was could not be passed why he had been kidnapped was the subject of much speculation, but the general conclusion was that someone was the master, though an increased for such had, so far, been received by his ransoms.

Jimmy went straight away to Grosvenor Square and reported to Lord Broadwater, who, however, seemed to know as much as he did about it, save Gerault's connection with the affair. The fact of Gerault's name being on Broad's postcard was of no real importance until it was coupled with Tom Farving's activities. Then Gerault's direct contact with the affair seemed undoubtedly established.

Lord Broadwater, Jimmy thought, was troubled on hearing this.

"Look here," he said, "there's a man in London named Lagotti—Giuseppe Lagotti. He's staying at—let me see . . . the Dicked over the pages of a little book." At Rochester Mansions. They're just by Hyde Park—a big new block in Park Lane. Lagotti is a wealthy Italian financier of somewhat dubious ancestry. We know that he and Gerault had had a great many dealings together. Before you go down to Danforth, as you suggest doing, observe

Lagotti for a day or two and see if you can discover anything about him. You've both done quite well so far, and you might discover something my regular men have failed to ascertain.

Jimmy left him. Lord Broadwater was somewhat worried when Jimmy had gone. He had already tried to trace some connection between Lagotti and the mysterious people behind the whole affair, but had not succeeded.

It is possible, of course, that Lagotti was a perfectly innocent person—in Lord Broadwater could not guess that he, like Gerault, had attended that fatal conference in Berlin when the Voice from the Void was first heard by man—but even if he were, no harm could come of observing him and if he were not, Lord Broadwater thought he knew how to trap the man.

They started to look after Lagotti. He lived in a small and concrete apartment overlooking Park Lane. The street and the apartments were carefully controlled by marble and beautiful decorations and the whole edifice was something like a palace, only more so. Its flats were ultra-luxurious, and Lagotti had one of the super-luxurious ones. He used often to

★ DEATH SEALS TRAITOR LIPS

JIMMY, being an audacious person, walked straight into the palace, followed a little timidly by Mr. Billis, who had a load of feeling that they might not be to have been there. They were confronted by a marble hall of unimpeachable beauty, by six waiters and by a number of gentlemen in blue uniforms with gold braid on them.

An elevator whirled thus appeared and deposited them on a marble landing. Everything was marble and dressed lights and luxury. Somewhere in the middle of this dazzling splendour stood Giuseppe Lagotti. The look of man had bought this splendid life.

He had on No. 5. They wandered along a corridor looking for it. They found it quite unobtrusively. A door on their left opened and a waiting gentleman presented himself. In all that long and short and decorated corridor he was the one thing that seemed to live for just that moment.

In his hand was a pistol and he said:

"Please step in."

The man at a standstill for the moment of whose already referred to. The man's appearance was so startling, so subtle and unexpected, in this place where richness and the quiet ways of wealth predominated, that they could only stand and stare.

"He said," "Harry, or somebody may open a door. Please."

The door was velvet, but his eyes were steel. Only a second did they hesitate. Then they stepped in. The door slammed. They found a key turn. They saw that key slipped into the pocket of the man's smoking suit. He ordered them forward and they came into the presence of Lagotti, who, born in a Neapolitan town, yet held to the traditions of the low class Neapolitan.

He was tall, splendidly looking, but very capable on a corporal sort of fashion. He spoke slightly.

"Stand by Matteo. Keep the gun ready. Shoot to kill if necessary. Now, you two, listen to me. Where's Gerault?"

"That's just what we want to know," said Jimmy. "But please no. How did you meet us in a clearing in the park?"

Lagotti gestured calmly. "Having all articles watched, a phone call put through upstairs. Nothing. . . . And don't lie. You were present when Gerault was kidnapped. I hate that on the best of authority. Where is he? If you refuse to tell me, you don't keep the place safe."

Then a Voice spoke—the Voice from the Void. . . .

Lagotti, you are talking nonsense. Let me see your gun. These few people have nothing about Gerault. Further, they then-

selfs are trained by police officers, who know exactly when they are at the moment, or I wouldn't let you own itself."

Lagotti was so his best. He delayed at his forehead with a handkerchief, and his hand was shaking. Matteo, against the wall, the gun held low, gaped with amazement.

Lagotti muttered: "That Voice again. Again."

He filled with the handkerchief and Jimmy realized that he was in a state of high nervous tension.

He said with sudden passion: "Is it true that you are followed by the police?"

"Absolutely," said Jimmy, who had not the faintest idea whether it was or not. Lagotti bit his lip. His eyes looked steadily.

"All right, Matteo. You may go. Perhaps you gentlemen will go down. I wish to talk to you."

Matteo went out. Mr. Billis levelled rather deeply. "Putting yourself on a chair," he said. "Like one of them American film. Hanging off, and all that. I'd like to know what the game is."

Jimmy had noted himself. He felt that he was in for some revelations. The event had taken a startling and unexpected turn. It had seemed to be wholly melodramatic, and had become serious and more rational.

Lagotti ignored Mr. Billis and addressed himself to Jimmy.

"It was," he said, "an act of madness. I admit it. To send Matteo out—like that. . . . You must forgive me for an error of judgment. To put you talk plainly. You should have, I believe, some talk with Lord Broadwater."

Jimmy probed up his own. Here was what, to see a collaboration, looked suspiciously like ruffian. Lagotti was frightened. He seemed to want to come into the open and confess, to get himself right.

He remained on, still dabbing his face absently with the handkerchief.

"The Voice is nothing. It startsles me, but it's a mere nothing of importance. Why does Lord Broadwater employ it?"

Jimmy knew that Lord Broadwater did not employ it, but he had no intention of revealing the fact. He replied calmly.

"That is his affair, I'm afraid."

"Yes. . . . The nervous eyes wandered over Jimmy's face.

Lagotti went on.

"You are all planned, Rog—" He checked. "Planned, he repeated. "We—my colleagues and I—we had it planned. The factories are working full swing, you see. The money is pouring through the banks from Constantinople to Geneva. . . . Millions." His eyes wandered. "War—" he ended vaguely.

Jimmy understood now. He realized the gigantic nature of the plot. He knew all that it was necessary to know. He saw a clever gang of secretaries, accountants, engineers, the great war machine, all well known, a war machine which the USA had never would be a mere skirmish; a war between East and West. That was the sum total of it. The East rising against the West, and millions of men dying, that those who manufactured the weapons which killed those might pile gold upon gold.

Lagotti was speaking earnestly.

"If Lord Broadwater would guarantee me immunity, non-interference as a British subject, protection, and the entire suppression of my name in the matter, I would be the dominant evidence before you."

Jimmy had tried not to show his eyes to light up. He and Mr. Billis had achieved the meeting unperceived. True, on several, they had observed as it, but the fact remained. They now had only to discover the Voice from the Void and their job was done.

Lagotti said: "You think to reveal to me?"

"I'm sure," said Jimmy. "We'll go now."

Lagotti got up. He did not ring for

Mattio. He did not fetch a hit and could see a little blood—so though he could hardly understand that he had broken definitely with something tremendous, but, that night, and words which, twelve months earlier, he would never have dreamed of saying.

"They came downstairs, not troubling to wait for a lift, crossed the marble hall, and passed the gold-headed blue uniformed attendants, all of whom gave Signor Legatti the most obstinate of glances. For was he not a great man, a millionaire, and a resident in this concrete and steel palace?"

So they came outside. And as they stepped along the pavement, as Jimmy lifted his head for a last, a large black car swept past them.

Mr. Bilks hit Jimmy on the back of the neck and knocked him on to his face, giving down with him. From a window of the car came long flame stalks. The sharp, staccato clatter of a machine gun broke the street's traffic moment to shreds.

Giuseppe Legatti ceased to be a great man and a millionaire. He twisted round gibbering and became just a crouching heap of black and white—the white stained crimson red—among the pavement. When they got to him the car had vanished, and its victim's legs were stuck for ever.

"Nazi go!" and Mr. Bilks emphatically. "They meant to have the three of us, and they would, too, if I hadn't spotted the gun in time."

★ WARMONGER JOINS BATTLE

DANIEL BROWN agrees. Jimmy knew that a compromise had been found in Legatti's fate, but where it led to nobody discovered, because the circumstances had been torn away.

Mattio calmly drew all knowledge of it, as if it were a secret, and never let any of the world know. But beyond all doubt Legatti's talk had been overheard and Legatti had been ruthlessly murdered because of it. That Mattio was on the pay of the warmonger was a fact impossible to prove, but difficult not to accept.

However, none of this was made public. All that was known was that Legatti had been killed, probably because of some private feud. There the matter ended, and now Jimmy and Mr. Bilks were back at Dan's house.

It was away underground, right across the world, the word of Lord Be-adviser ran. Jimmy was rather thrilled to know it. Whichever the Imperial Government's mandate held, there did the word travel. Man mysteriously vanished. Secret agents, who had thought themselves inviolably secret, were found before air-far, great men who spoke to them freely, but behind whom was the gleam of British bayonets.

The great London Bay had across a wide desert, and at a distance of arms were loaded and were reached their destination.

A gentleman called Inference in Buenos Aires felt it advisable to take a long holiday in South America. His departure was so hush, his departure to make nobody so confident, that he left all his effects behind him. He engaged a man in a white coat helped by ten minutes.

An article net dragged the East from end to end. The powerful testing williness of the East never saw it. They did not see the risk of death and suffering which it brought to the surface. They never knew the name of their escape. They did not know that somewhere in London a white man looked on with that thin nose and handsome and features might live on to security!

The great plot was watched, but the glances themselves ran from—were dead Legatti and captured Gasset. Braggomans still stayed at the Hotel Magnificent in Pasadena, and Braggomans was a man of vast ability. And there still remained the Voice from the Void and the Phantom Ship. Jimmy and Mr. Bilks decided to stay at the Flying Boat in Danburgh. That picture

scene and accident history was not laid open to search as had been Jimmy's intention, and as they had no bookkeeping to do they were afforded the maximum of freedom.

Tom Farring's message had been duly transmitted to his wife by Mr. Bilks, and Mr. Bilks told of it that he had never seen a woman so indifferent to the fate of her husband's body. His further continued arguments that, if he were Tom Farring he would never return home, but would get a job with an Arctic expedition ship.

"That is it," said Jimmy to him. "We're staying here now till we find out all about the Phantom Ship. I'm convinced that it's connected with the Voice from the Void, and that when we hit on the secret of the ship we'll hit on the other secret also."

Mr. Bilks grinned. "Let's go for a walk," he suggested. "The fresh air'll put you right if nothing else does."

They walked through the village and saw many a man of activity about him. There, within about five acres of ground, stood a large old Georgian manor house. A gentleman was receiving a lady's maid's lorry through the gateway, and somebody else was driving fast. Jimmy and Mr. Bilks stood still by watching this operation. The man who was doing the driving spoke to them when the lorry was reaching safely up the drive.

"Back job," he said. "I've had to get loads from all over the place. I'm Smith, the butler."

That had never struck him, but they were polite about it. He seemed pleased with himself and the job.

"Money's no object," he added. "I don't mind that, believe me. They want me to do it all in forty-eight hours. I do it, I'll show you we're not all dead in Danburgh. A London ladies' maid can't do that!"

"By what?" asked Jimmy.

"The house. It hasn't been lived in for nearly two years, and it's in a shocking state. A rich London man's taken it, and wants it cleaned and decorated in forty-eight hours. Nails and clay, the mortar, and a big job. All because of the war, and because the job. But I'm changing here, and you. He's got to pay if he wants that sort of thing. For a fact, all the world over."

"Oh, course," agreed Jimmy, and wondered why a rich London man should be in such a hurry to move into the somewhat dilapidated castle house at such short notice.

The butler said something about getting the gang going and dashed off up the drive, a very lumpy man with the prospect of ten profits before him.

Jimmy and Mr. Bilks strolled on. They did a lot of strolling in the next forty-eight hours, but they found nothing at all, to trace of the Phantom Ship, no sound of the Voice from the Void. All Danburgh and district was peaceful and unharmed—save at the Mason House.

There Mr. Smith and his vast gang were as busy as bees, Mr. Smith staying up all night, getting worried and distracted, but urging his gang to greater efforts all the time, and moving the lorry in his modest back parlour at the end of his road.

At last it was done—right on time. Great furniture vans arrived—right on time—long London Furniture was hired in, carpets were laid. Fire was lighted, electric lights were switched on. Chairs were put on the wall. As though a magician had waved a wand the Mr. Bilks became a home well furnished, well fitted, warm and comfortable—able to "right as rain."

For the man who ordered these things was accustomed to having his wishes carried out—right as rain. He could afford to pay for the privilege.

The man was Braggomans. The battle had passed off.

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20	5 ft. 11 in.	150 lbs.
21	5 ft. 11 in.	160 lbs.
22	5 ft. 11 in.	170 lbs.
23	5 ft. 11 in.	180 lbs.
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SPACE

A FLOATING ISLAND in the void with all the wonders of a mighty civilisation and a people who have gone back to Nature.

★ WONDERS OF SPACE ISLAND

A HUGE gathering of strange hooded men stood watching as the three darts, space travellers stepped out of the giant space ship. *Arctostatus*.

A little uncertain, the companions looked at the front of the steps and looked at the man who was standing directly in front of them. He was known as tall as any earthly being, and was clothed from head to foot in a green garment with a hooded coat, strangely like that of a monk.

"I say—" Philip stretched at the apex of his companion, Peter Hensley. "If you think they mean—"

Before he could say more the foremost space islander asked. It seemed that he saw in Philip's movements some sort of treachery, for even as the young fellow spoke the hooded man made some movement with his hand, and a jet of vapour leapt from him.

The three space travellers staggered back to the vapour exhaled about them as a attack. Peter, who caught the full blast of it, coughed and a hoarse cry as it got in his lungs. His head was heaving at his collar as he fell.

Scarcely ten seconds later he found him all wet black, and they remembered no more.

The three space travellers were in a strange world—a floating island of space which they had encountered on an even stranger journey.

Not that they were willing travelers on that journey. It had been a short piece of evolution that had sent three soaring into the mysterious world of space.

All three had been engaged a motor-cycling holiday in England's fair countryside when Victor Stanshul's old crank of a motor-bike had "peaked up." It refused to yield to treatment, and while awaiting for a garage the three companions had come upon a shed which housed a giant machine.

It looked strangely like a super flying ship, and, curiosity overcoming them, they had investigated.

What inside the huge ship a curious mechanism on the part of which Philip knew had retained the ascending valve, and before the three adventurers had time to think or act the *Arctostatus* had gas-stationed upwards, carrying the shed away with it.

Professor Slater a scientist and astronomer, who had spent years of his life in building this dream ship, had arrived just in time to see his machine going sky high.

All the travellers' attempts to lower the ship back to Earth had only succeeded in sending it even faster upwards into the unknown voids of space.

Despite every effort, they were shooting two five miles at a thousand miles an hour leaving behind them an angry and hurled planet, Professor Slater.

The three soaring travellers had encountered terrifying adventures in the uncharted depths of space, and had found themselves landing for Mars.

Here, at the hands of the servants of the First World, fearful experiments had enacted them, and only their luck had enabled them to escape the terrible forces from the evil planet.

As it was, they had gone hurtling away from Mars with the *Arctostatus* a blazing



asteroid. Daily when they had encountered a strange atmosphere, had the flames been quenched, and the ship brought back to normal.

It was in this atmosphere that the companions had found the space island, and Philip had succeeded in landing the big ship.

But now it seemed, they had only escaped from one peril to head full tilt into another, perhaps even more deadly. The strange-hooded inhabitants of space island had seemed friendly and peaceful, but perhaps

By PROFESSOR A. M. LOW, D.Sc.

they returned appeared, and smiled only an evil and hostile nature.

How long he was unconscious, Peter was never able to tell. It might have been hours—perhaps it was no more than minutes.

He awoke, however, to find himself still lying on the ground beside the *Arctostatus*, with several of the space islanders gazing down at him.

Others seemed to be searching for two companions, and he judged they must have done the same to him. The hooded men were weaving up about quite the *Arctostatus*, too two long and unassuming everything.

Then Peter looked up into the face of the man heading over him, and he was surprised to find that the man was smiling. His air grew turned to sheer amusement when the man spoke.

"Fear not, Karlsson, he said in poor English, almost without a trace of accent. "We have no harm to do to you. It was just that we had to clean you. We have been attacked from other planets before. You and you came armed, and are unoffended. You are of the planet Earth and we welcome you to Arca, a capital of the space islands."

Without another word, he assisted Peter to his feet, and went over to Philip and Victor who were now also staring.

All three stood before the huge islanders, wondering rather fearfully what was to happen next.

"Those Earthmen," said the man, who appeared to be some kind of leader and wore a broad crimson sash about him to mark him from the others. "We will take you to the city."

Disoriented the three space travellers followed the procession of men towards the huge green pyramid-shaped mountain they had first entered on the island.

It seemed that they had fallen from space among a kindly and wise people.

★ PEOPLE OF THE CAVES

"Yield! we, Karlsson, we see a floating island. . . . The Leader of the women was speaking as they walked towards the green mountain.

"Get," said Peter. "We saw you ahead from our ship. It seems strange that an island can float about."

The Arca smiled. "But your Earth floats, or rather flies in space. It revolves around the sun, without anything to support it except its own velocity. Does it not?"

"That's true," replied Peter, when the others were content to allow to do all the talking. "I hadn't thought of it like that."

"Yes, yes," the slender man said. "Arca seems to soar at a greater speed, though it is not noticeable when you are on the island, as you will observe for yourselves. Just in the same way you cannot notice the great rate at which your Earth is being hurled round the Sun."

"One should move according to well-defined natural laws," he went on. "Some times these laws of gravitation being as near the Earth planet. Through our instruments we are able to get continually pictures of life on the Earth, though the clouds which swirl always surround the Earth often obstruct our view."

Peter listened to what the Arca had to say while the others observed the strange

people about them, and then asked the gentlemen: "Why do we have men here year after year coming back from the Earth? Is it because you have not been close enough?"

"Not at all," was the answer. "We have been seen by you Earth people. When you were young you yourselves may have seen us."

Peter looked surprised. "But how—"

he began.

"The space machines worked as he put it."

"You have heard of comets, haven't you?"

"Why, certainly," said Peter, and the others were listening now.

"They can be seen from the Earth after certain intervals at every year, and we can forecast when they are due to reappear."

"Exactly," replied the Astron. "Well, when you were seeing what you thought was a comet, you were actually seeing a space island."

Peter looked surprised.

"But I thought comets were gaseous things," he put in, "and not solid bodies like your islands."

"I can easily explain that," replied the Astron. "The speed at which we travel through space sets up an action in the ether which covers us with a gas-like vapor. Your astronomers have talked into the air their belief that we are composed entirely of gas. But I certainly comprehend them as being accurate as to the times of our appearance."

"But how do you know all this?" asked Peter.

"What I travel in, how can you tell what our instruments know, or think they know?"

"We are an advanced civilization," was the answer, "when you Earth people were making a strange bed, or trying to find out what our machines know, or think they know."

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know our language, the English language? I don't suppose you speak it on this island."

"No," came the reply, "we have our own language, but, as far as we know, we have been able to listen to the various English and languages spoken on other planets, we have made a close study of them and understood them perfectly."

"We do not listen among our total language," we need not speak it on this island."

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simple, practical things as we should do, as a rule."

"Other teachers come and spend in the same manner. Fortunately our people have learned to their work and put away the things that meant civilization."

"We left our stone built houses to live in caves in the fields and woods, we learned our books on mathematics and flying machines. Our habits became as simple and primitive as when the race began millions of years ago."

"We let our cities fall into ruin and the mighty civilization of buildings you see under us today little more than a mass of ruins of ruins—just like your Athens, or ancient Rome."

"What has been the result?" asked Philip.

"I will tell you, my son," replied the island king quietly. "Formerly we lived in an age of less than a hundred, and the figure grew lower as our civilization went on. But now an island has less than a thousand years—your Earth years, I mean."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean, my son, that you are a thousand years old."

"No," replied the king. "I am only partially a descendant—only eight hundred years old."

"All three looked at one of the island king.

"Don't you find it unreasonable living in caves? Don't you have run here?" asked Victor.

"Yes, we have run in certain seasons—winter, violent storms. But our caves are warm and dry, so we are able to do an extremely simple scientific device to see even the coldest wind actually to warm our caves."

"Is this the answer we all live out of here? You see how tall we are. That is because we eat (vitamin) behind our backs. Our the Astron were not much taller than our Earth folk, but we have grown as high and mental more we used back in nature."

"At this point the king stopped at the edge of a wood, the trees of which were ten times higher than any on Earth."

All three space travelers were surprised when the king opened a door in the side of what appeared to be a round tunnel.

"Come in," he said, and when the three companions entered they found themselves in surroundings of the utmost simplicity.

Two or three large apartments served as windows, but they contained no glass. The rest of the cave was very high to accomma-



The island king pointed down to the ruins of the mighty city. "Come!" he said.

MODERN MARVELS

Ideas that are
Making a
New World



Discoveries
Forecasting
the Future

SAVING CURRENT IN RADIO STATIONS

A NEW radio discovery which will cut the operating costs and improve quality in broadcasting stations has just been perfected after years of research by Dr. W. T. Blitcher, of the Marconi Wireless Telegraphy Company.

Known as the "Flaming" Carrier System, it conserves the operation of the radio transmitter.

In the present manner a transmitter at a broadcasting station uses the same amount of current during a broadcast in the programme as when it is at maximum volume. But it would turn up to its maximum current on a brass band going at full blast.

Under the new system the current flow will vary according to the "loudness" of the signal, and during a silence hardly any current will be used at all.

When it is at the current that suits voices, this will mean a great saving, and it is hoped that money saved in this way will be spent on expanding and developing broadcast programmes.

HOTEL ON WHEELS FOR DESERT CROSSING

At undertaking desert travel company has just taken delivery of two huge buses to carry passengers and freight across the Syrian desert from Baghdad to Damascus.

Two beds for passengers and the other for baggage.

The passenger machine is only six feet long and has accommodations for 16 pas-



sengers. The equipment includes a toilet, refrigerator, and all the gear for carrying supplies and provisions for the passengers.

A 12-horsepower motor will be used to drive the engine. It will run on kerosene. The motor will be driven by a belt from a shaft which is connected to the front axle. The drive is taken up by three drive shafts.

The fuel tank carries 250 gallons of oil, which is enough for the entire trip of 400 miles each way. It will also carry water for the crew and passengers. The fuel tank is made of steel.

Electric power is derived from the motor. It will run on a 24-volt system. The motor is connected to the front axle and the drive shaft. The motor is driven by a belt from a shaft which is connected to the front axle.

The motor will be driven by a belt from a shaft which is connected to the front axle. The motor is driven by a belt from a shaft which is connected to the front axle.

It is to be expected that the motor will be driven by a belt from a shaft which is connected to the front axle. The motor is driven by a belt from a shaft which is connected to the front axle.

GRAMMOPHONE RECORDS MADE ON A FILM

If the dream of its inventor, a Frenchman, are realized, a device called the "Gramofilm" will put the sound-recording sections of the gramophone film and gramophone indelibly right out of date.

Used in a gramophone as at present, the film goes past a stylus which, without the aid of a lens, engraves grooves on the wax. On the surface strip of film which supports the "record" a pre-printed light is thrown by an ordinary pen-ray electric bulb and the record is played back to you.

If the light is obstructed the sound ceases. Remove the obstruction and it goes on.

The record is made by setting a diamond cutter to run on the film track into sound grooves on a plate. Two months after recording, a tone can be played back. By that time the Gramofilm is made for general marketing and cost about all the cost of the wax record as we know it.

Playing records are affected by this invention. The system allows the film to run over the wax, to produce the Gramofilm will do the same work for less than a cent.

The machine cost \$120,000 and put in the process work to perfect his device and he says it began when he had a patent issued for his machine with a gramophone needle. It is believed that something like this would do away with the need for a needle.

The all-wooden tower of the Washington Broadcasting Station, now completed, has a height of 422 feet and is believed to be the tallest wooden tower in the world.

DANGER ALL WAYS

In France, Russia, and elsewhere, a new device has been put into operation which may still further increase the efficiency of automatic traffic signals.

Instantly following the usual one-way red signal, there is a period of one second of darkness when the red lights show in all directions.

This device is put in to cross the road without danger from passing vehicles.

GIANTS OF THE MODERN WORLD

World's Largest Dam

THE magnificent Nile Dam at Assuan, the largest dam in the world, contains Egypt's regular supply of water all the year round.



It is 1 1/2 miles in length and 140 feet in height, and is built of concrete blocks from the local quarries in Egypt.

Its storage capacity is 1,500,000 gallons, and the masonry is pierced by 140 towers and 40 upper dams gates.

RAIL VANS COME TO YOUR DOOR

RAILWAYS are putting up a stout fight against the invasion of road transport.

The latest line comes from Germany, where the railways have devised a means of bringing goods to your very door—the van in which they travel.

A special type of truck, which weighs 15 tons, has been built for the scheme, and it will transport the rail van from the railway's nearest point to the customer's door. The truck is placed against the track and the van situated on it.

The work is simple!

THE AERIAL TUG WILL COME

AEROPLANE roaring through the atmosphere, towing London under the wings of New York, are daily being brought nearer to actual fact.



American experts are planning to overcome some of the difficulties that will then arise. One problem is that while in the atmosphere engines of such smaller horsepower will be needed to give high speeds, but a stratospheric plane required for the greater economy could not be expected to have a very efficient rate of climb at the beginning of its flight.

The solution appears to be the "Aerial Tug," which would be a small machine equipped with extremely powerful engines. Its purpose would be to haul the stratospheric flyer from the aerodrome safely, and the stratospheric, from which point the towed machine could begin the flight under its own power.

The longest towing of this kind of gliders proves that it is a definite possibility for the future.

THE 1921 PROFITABLE season was recently put to rest at Paris, France, according to the statistics of the French Ministry of Commerce.

ROCKET BALLOON LOSS IS WILES UP

THE Soviet automatic stratosphere balloon which was announced in "Sovetski" recently, had been constructed in hard the present record, reached a height of nearly 11 miles after two ascents.

In the height, with the temperature 50 degrees below zero, the balloon burst and a parachute with automatic apparatus attached was automatically released and floated to Earth.

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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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